

COLLEGE FOOTBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 31, 1981 \$1.75

TOP DAWG

Herschel Walker of Georgia,
a Profile by Curry Kirkpatrick

TOP FROGS

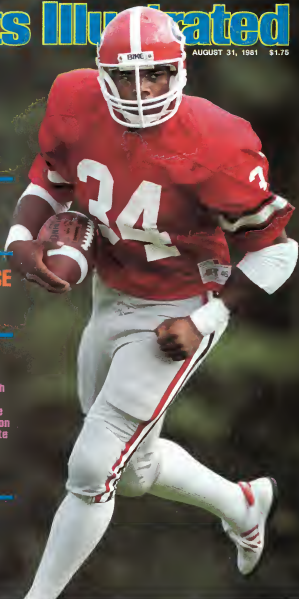
A Memoir of TCU's Glory Days
by Dan Jenkins (who's biased)

TOP CONFERENCE

It's the Pac-10,
says John Papanek

TOP 20

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Michigan | 11. Georgia |
| 2. Texas | 12. Pittsburgh |
| 3. USC | 13. Florida |
| 4. Oklahoma | 14. Ohio State |
| 5. Notre Dame | 15. Washington |
| 6. Penn State | 16. Miss. State |
| 7. Nebraska | 17. Stanford |
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



PAPANEK STRIKES HIS HEISMAN POSE

When Staff Writer John Papanek was growing up in Patchogue, N.Y., his exposure to football was confined to playing for his high school team—the Red Raiders—and to following the New York Giants. As a rather myopic 5'11", 175-pound linebacker for the Red Raiders, Papanek spearheaded the kickoff coverage with icy aplomb, reckless abandon and acute astigmatism. "The only reason I was any good," says Papanek, "was that I didn't wear my glasses when I played, so I didn't know there was any danger. I was great on the suicide squad." Although Papanek didn't receive a single college football scholarship offer, he did elect to attend the University of Michigan.

College football fever had never penetrated Papanek's suburban Long Island enclave, so his first autumn Saturday afternoon in Ann Arbor was a revelation. "I knew that Michigan was a big football school and that they had a big stadium," he says, "but I had no idea what it was going to feel like. It was amazing."

In 1969, John's freshman year, the Wolverines beat one of the greatest Ohio State teams of all time, 24-12, in Michigan Stadium for the right to go to the Rose Bowl. Papanek, who was one of the 100,000-plus delirious fans on hand that day, remembers the ex-

perience as "one of the greatest thrills of my life." Of course, it is worthwhile to remember that until then, running awkwardly into goalposts and trying to see past his face mask were Papanek's greatest football thrills.

It was during that same season John discovered that the excitement of the college game isn't confined to the field. At that time it was customary to locate a suitable female student spectator (then known as a "coed") and pass her bodily from the bottom of the stands to the top. Papanek had eagerly awaited the day when he would get to participate in this activity, and finally his chance arrived. He had just lit a cigarette when he noticed a body hurtling toward him, and the sight so flustered him that Papanek dropped the girl on himself. "I had a full beard at that time," he says. "The cigarette went into that. By the time I got her off me, I had set my face on fire."

The fire on his face was finally put out, but the flame for college football lingered. Over the years, Papanek covered Wolverine football for *The Michigan Daily*, which led to a warm and convivial relationship with Coach Bo Schembechler. When John showed up for his first Michigan practice, Schembechler told him to get a haircut. For the next two years, every time Papanek asked him a question, Schembechler pretended not to recognize him.

In 1973 Papanek joined *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and a year later was assigned to the pro basketball beat, where he remained until last May. With this issue, however, John takes over as one of our college football writers, and it is only fitting that his return to the game should be marked by the Wolverines' ascendance to No. 1. (It should also be pointed out that the two events are completely coincidental.) "I'm looking forward to covering an outdoor sport," Papanek says. "Breathing the air in NBA arenas for nine months a year can be hazardous to your health."

Philip D. Howard



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ART TALK

by RONALD N. CAMPBELL

TAKE ME OUT TO THE ART GALLERY FOR
A BASEBALL SHOW. HOLD THE PEANUTS

New York City's Spectrum Gallery is host this summer and fall to a group show entitled *Ballpark Figures: Baseball Art*, an expanded version of which is to be installed next year at the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y. Gallery director Bill Goff, a fan of the game, says the exhibition will be the most comprehensive of its kind. One can believe it; it already includes paintings, drawings, prints, sculpture, cartoons, photographs, collages, jewelry, one puppet and—would you believe—stained glass.

The show is fascinating, but like the game itself, it has some problems. Fortunately, none are fatal. The first is an unevenness unavoidable in an effort of this size. As with baseball players, some artists just aren't as good as other artists. Contemplate, for instance, LeRoy Neiman and Bill Galle—among the most popular of our nation's sports artists—in the same lineup with Joe Brown, Ben Shahn, Claes Oldenburg and Wilard Mullin.

The other difficulty with the show is its very size. It contains upwards of 125 entries and will swell to 250 by next year. The effect on the viewer can be numbing, even to the most ardent fan. The show as a whole would benefit if some of the artists didn't get so much playing time, and the same is true of some of the subjects—there are 11 Reggie Jacksons, for instance.

However, some old pros make the effort worthwhile. Austin Briggs, Earl Oliver Hurst and Robert Riggs never looked more vigorous, and younger hands like Walter Spitzmiller, Robert Cunningham, Arnold Roth and Bill Charnatz hit well for average.

The exhibition will be at 30 West 57th St. in Manhattan until Oct. 9, although it will change as works are sold and replaced by others (everything is for sale).

Go and cheer once more for Mays, DiMaggio, Roberts, Berra, Howard, Newcombe, Campanella and Yastrzemski, and save one hooray for Syd Hap's marionette. "Reg-gie! Reg-gie!" will do. **END**

Sports Illustrated

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Andy Hayt

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Richard Mackson

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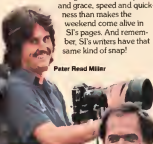


John Iacono

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Manny Millan



Walter Iones Jr.

Sports Illustrated

Sideline

by DAVID BUSH

IN THE 1962 SERIES FINALE THE GIANTS
LOST TO THE YANKS 1-0. OR DID THEY?

Of all the oddball stunts that radio and TV stations resorted to to keep baseball-hungry fans entertained during the strike, the weirdest was pulled off by radio station KNBR in San Francisco. For years the station, one of the city's oldest, has been known for offbeat community activities and contests, and the station slogan is "Good Time Radio 68." Apparently, the slogan more than fits.

Like a lot of other stations, KNBR put on an original tape of an old baseball broadcast—in its case, the famous seventh game of the 1962 World Series, in which the Yankees beat the Giants 1-0. You may remember that in the last half of the ninth inning in that game, with two out and the tying and winning runs on base, Willie McCovey of the Giants hit a vicious line drive toward Yankee Second Baseman Bobby Richardson. Bobby caught it, and that was that. The Yankees won the game and the Series. The Giants lost, and San Francisco was socked in with gloom.

But when KNBR rebroadcast the game, it didn't come out that way. There was San Francisco, listening to the same old sequence, waiting to be hurt again. There was the voice of broadcaster George Kell, taped that fateful day in 1962, saying of McCovey, "There's a liner straight to Richardson..."

But then Kell's voice, the same 1962 voice, says, "Did he get it? No, it got away from him. He can't get it, he can't get it. It bounces by him. Here's a run coming in to score. Alou scores... Willie Mays... coming in to score... The ballgame is over and the World Series is over. The Giants win it."

The broadcast stirred up a storm in San Francisco—there was a front-page story about it, and a flood of phone calls to the station asking about it—because everything sounded so real. The station announced that its report was only the way it wished the Series had ended, which prompted a caller to phone in and inquire, "You guys did such a good job of changing the result of the World Series, I wonder whether you can change the result of the 1968 presidential elec-

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tion?" KNBR then rebroadcast the actual Yankees-Giants finale, with Richardson catching the ball and the Yankees winning.

Nevertheless, the new version titillated Giant fans, who bubbled on about it for days. KNBR had to play it again, and everyone wanted to know how it was done. There was no question that it was George Kell's voice all the way, yet Kell had nothing to do with the trick broadcast.

It was simply the "magic of electronic wizardry," as one San Francisco paper put it, or pretty much the same technique the bad guys used in the 1954 movie *The Prisoner*, in which Jack Hawkins played the Communist inquisitor and Alec Guinness the imprisoned cardinal. KNBR snipped words and phrases from elsewhere in Kell's broadcasts of the Series and spliced them neatly into the original tape to create the new ending. The phrase "Did he get it? No, it got away from him" came from a play in the sixth game, and that same game provided "the ball got away from Richardson." Matty Alou, who was on third base in the ninth, hadn't scored once during the Series, but his brother Felipe had, and because Alou sounds the same whether it's Matty or Felipe, it was easy to splice in an "Alou scores" from the fourth inning of the sixth game. Mays had followed Felipe around to third on that earlier play, so the engineers deftly deleted "third" and dubbed Kell's voice saying "home," an easy word to find. It was just as easy to find a Kell "Giants" and sub it for "Yankees" to alter the "The Yankees win it" to "The Giants win it." And they had heard Kell earlier in that seventh game describing Candlestick Park as "a madhouse," which fit the new ninth-inning mood perfectly. All in all, it was an astonishingly realistic switch—and a little frightening.

Just ask the father who was listening to the broadcast at home with his young son, describing what it was like to be among the 43,948 fans who had seen the fateful game in person. As the father slowly built up to the sorrowful conclusion, Richardson made his unexpected error, Man and boy sat stunned, listening to the outcome of the game. Then the boy turned to his father and asked, "How much beer did you say you had that day, Dad?"

END


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Shopwalk

by ANOY WEISER

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Like the ones that come in cars, Recaro seats are equipped with molded seat cushions and have an acrylic web suspension. But automotive sex appeal isn't the chair's only selling point. "They've got great thigh and back support," says Venieris. Recaros were designed—with the help of data supplied by European orthopedists—to keep drivers comfortable during long trips, he says.

Venieris, a former road racer in Europe, began experimenting with the stationary seats a few years ago, hoping to alleviate his own back problem. He had found the seats relaxing while driving, and he wanted that comfort at home. Venieris made his own hardware to adapt the seat from car to floor and finished the first model in 1976. The chairs have recently become available through Recaro USA outlets around the country.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

ON TACKLING (THE MORALITY PROBLEM) AND HOLDING THAT (ECONOMIC) LINE

The College Football Association, that NCAA splinter group which covets increased television revenue for the 61 major football schools in its ranks, last week conditionally approved a \$180 million contract that would allow NBC to televise the football games of member schools for four years, starting in 1982. The action came in defiance of the NCAA, which has long negotiated network football TV contracts for its members and had earlier signed a four-year, \$263.5 million deal with CBS and ABC. The CFA vote—33–20, with five abstentions and three voided ballots—escalates a power struggle that could result in the NCAA's disciplining or even expelling the wayward CFA schools, which would like to have their separate TV deal and NCAA membership, too. The CFA has given its schools until Sept. 10 to say for sure whether they will come under the NCAA or the CFA TV package. The threat of excommunication by the NCAA may persuade some of those schools to defy the NCAA no further, but it's just as possible many CFA schools will carry out their mutiny come what may. Or, alternatively, that the NCAA may seek to keep itself intact by appeasing the CFA.

Either of those last two developments would be a victory for the philosophy of big-time college sports, which holds that a big football game with all the trimmings benefits colleges by generating esprit among students and putting alumni and other benefactors in a giving mood. But the cost of all this is considerable. Owing partly to inflation, but more to the need to keep up with the Joneses, athletic department budgets are increasingly strained by the costs of travel, equipment and, above all, athletic scholarships. Most big-time athletic departments attempt, officially at least, to pay their own way by means of revenue from gate admissions, TV and outside contributions, an approach that necessarily puts a lot of emphasis on winning.

But not everybody can win—either on the field or at the box office. The University of Michigan's promotion-minded athletic director, Don Canham, estimates that his is one of no more than 20 to 25 schools whose sports programs pay their own way. Most athletic departments are scrambling to keep financially afloat, an effort that leads to reliance on overly influential boosters, shameless hucksterism and a great variety of transgressions: illegal recruiting practices, relaxed entrance requirements, doctored transcripts, the failure of too many athletes to graduate (even though their education may be free) and the revocation of scholarships the instant athletes stop producing on the field.

Besides being only too willing to sacrifice their athletes and their own supposedly high-minded values, some of the big sports schools appear prepared to sacrifice one another. The most telling argument against the CFA is that its approach would worsen the rich-get-richer situation that already exists in college sport. This has caused great injury to

less successful schools, which consequently have had to resort to Stockmanesque budget cuts. These include not only commendable economies in travel and equipment costs, but also the less welcome dropping of sports, most but not all of them minor. Last April, financially strapped Villanova discontinued its football program, a move that caused stunned athletic department officials to inveigh against the increasingly elitist cast of big-budget college sports. Noting that Villanova had been given no more than an occasional nibble of the NCAA's television pie, which is devoured by the biggest football powers, Athletic Director Ted Aceto lamented, "The big schools are trying to make money and don't care if everybody else is second-class." Villanova football Coach Dick Bedesem said, "Sure we were losing money. But chemistry and history lose money, too."

Bedesem's complaint hits at the very heart of big-time college sports. Assuming that intercollegiate athletics has a legitimate educational purpose, this question can be fairly asked: Why shouldn't it be supported by the college's general funds just as the history department is? Of course, this would require reining in bloated athletic programs. Instead of quitting football, Villanova, a Division I-A school, might have dropped to Division I-AA (whose members hold down costs by awarding fewer athletic scholarships), Division II (fewer still) or even Division III (whose schools give scholarships only on the basis of need, an approach also followed in Division I-A by the heretical members of the Ivy League). Until now, scholarship-limiting schools have coexisted within the NCAA with the big athletic powers. Members of the Pac-10 and Big Ten, at least, apparently feel this coexistence can continue more or less as is. At any rate, those two conferences have so far refused to join the CFA.

The CFA is wedded to the idea that college sports should be, as much as possible, self-supporting. CFA executive director Chuck Neinas grandly refers to what he calls the "generated revenue theory," adding pointedly, "Those who operate on this theory have to come up with ways to generate the revenue." Thus, while the NCAA's new TV contract would selectively spread \$263.5 million among the 137 Division I-A schools and some lower-division schools, the CFA's deal would return \$180 million to only 61 schools—minus an 8% cut the CFA says it's prepared to give the NCAA. In addition to increased per-school revenues, CFA members want greater control of their own destiny in other ways: they complain that in the existing NCAA structure, the Portland States of the world have too much say in matters that really affect only the Penn States. As for the abuses associated with big-time sports, the CFA-ers insist that they actually want to implement stronger safeguards against cheating than those adopted by the NCAA.

But can the CFA schools possibly have it both ways? As

continued

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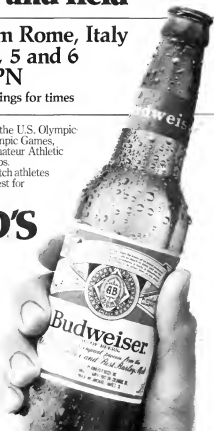
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far back as 1951. New York District Attorney Frank Hogan concluded that the commercialism in college sports—and this, remember, was before buckets of TV loot were pouring down on the colleges—had contributed to a “moral climate” that helped precipitate the point-shaving scandals then rocking college basketball. Most of the players accused of shaving points, Hogan said, “should never have been accepted as college students. With only a few exceptions, their high school grades were below average. . . . [The colleges] shamelessly bargained for their services. Inducements were offered. To describe such bidding as scholarship aid is only to add to the hypocrisy practiced. . . . This was the introduction of these defendants to higher education. . . . Is it strange that they found the idealism and the search for truth in the classroom inconsistent with their commercial arrangements?” Hogan’s words might apply just as well both to college sport’s recent academic transcript scandals and to the current allegations of point shaving during the 1978-79 season by basketball players at Boston College.

Calls to abolish athletic scholarships in favor of aid on a need-only basis continue to be heard. Opponents, however, argue that such a move would lead to under-the-table payments. Although it is hard to imagine that cheating could be any worse than it already is, the abandonment of athletic scholarships—or, more properly, grants-in-aid—is unlikely. Most major college presidents seem to regard high-powered varsity sport as an acceptable adjunct to higher education whose benefits are worth both the economic costs and even the attendant excesses. One hopes those presidents might hear out Dr. William Marshall, the athletic director of Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa., which, as a Division III school, awards no athletic schol-

arships and scrapes by on a modest athletic budget that depends on general school funds. Largely because of low overhead, Franklin and Marshall is able to offer 22 men’s and women’s varsity sports, with, astonishingly, 49% of the school’s 2,000 students, or 24.9%, taking part. This compares to, say, the University of Southern California, where 620 of 17,199 students, or 3.6%, play 20 varsity sports.

“Like other institutions at this level, we look at intercollegiate athletics as part of the educational enterprise,” Dr. Marshall told SI’s Brooks Clark. “We’re funded as a department of the college, and whether we win, lose or draw, we know what our budget for the year is going to be. We hire a football coach not because he’s going to fill a stadium, but because we think he’ll teach young people. We don’t have great sums of money tied up in athletic grants-in-aid, and we don’t have a handle on a young man or a young woman that says, ‘We’ve given you a scholarship, now we expect you to perform.’ When I hear about schools dropping sports, it makes me sad, because once a program is dropped—whether it’s an academic or athletic program—you limit opportunities for young people. I can’t understand schools that say, ‘We can’t afford to have wrestling or gymnastics,’ or that cut out cross-country or golf. If a school is spending millions on grants-in-aid for sports, how can it not afford to have a sport that has almost no overhead?”

Whatever the outcome of the CFA-NCAA dispute, the athletic powers engaged in it—on both sides—might learn a lesson from tiny Franklin and Marshall. They might accept that the first priority facing them isn’t to extract more money from TV. Rather, it’s to rescue big-time college sport from its troubled state and put it more squarely in the framework of campus life, where it surely belongs.

BACK, BUT NOT BY POPULAR DEMAND

It’s only too true. Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier are fixing to come out of retirement. Ali to fight a yet-to-be-selected opponent in November in Columbia, S.C.; Frazier to meet either Scott LeDoux or John Tate that same month in Atlantic City, Cleveland or Las Vegas. The parallel comebacks of the two fighters add a melancholy twist to their famous rivalry: Now they seem to be vying to determine who’s the bigger fool.

So let’s meet the combatants. In this corner, weighing 244 pounds, is the 39-year-old Ali, who hasn’t fought since last October, when he failed to win a round in a punishing 11-round TKO loss to Larry Holmes. Ali’s speech is slurred, a possible sign of punchiness. His career was interrupted for more than three years after he was stripped of his title in 1967 for refusing military induction, and for more than two years when he retired in 1978 after winning the heavyweight title for the third time.

And in this corner, weighing 236 pounds, is the 37-year-old Frazier. He

hasn’t fought for five years in his last bout, on June 15, 1976 he was separated from his senses while suffering a brutal beating at the fists of George Foreman.

Some athletes, of course, have done well at advanced ages, including George Blanda, Ken Rosewall, Gordie Howe, Pete Rose and, in boxing, Jersey Joe Walcott and Archie Moore. But, except for Howe, none of them laid off for a significant length of time late in their careers. The severe beatings Ali and Frazier took in their last fights, compounded by long layoffs, extra weight and their ages, make them candidates for serious injury. So which of the two archrivals, Ali or Frazier, is going to prove to be the bigger fool? Unlike their three memorable fights in the ring, this one could wind up as a draw.

ROADWORK IN STOCKHOLM

Somehow we find this story of another former heavyweight champion more heartwarming. It concerns Ingemar Johansson, 48, who has no intention, so far as we know, of returning to the ring.

Now the proprietor of a motel in Pompano Beach, Fla., Johansson has weighed as much as 280 pounds in recent years, but when somebody bet him that he couldn’t finish the biggest road race in his native Sweden, the Stockholm Marathon, he accepted the challenge.

Johansson trained by jogging 90 minutes a day under a blazing Florida sun, paring his weight to a relatively svelte 246 pounds. When the Stockholm Marathon got under way earlier this month, there Johansson was, one of 8,000 entrants seeking to complete a course that wound through city streets and ended in Stockholm Stadium. Still a national hero, Johansson drew cheers from the crowd of 270,000 lining the route, but the most touching scene occurred in the stadium, where spectators politely applauded when Bill Rodgers won in 2:13:26, then waited expectantly for Johansson. It was quite a wait. Finally, there was a roar from the 10,000 people still, remarkably, on hand as Johansson came into view and lumbered across the finish line in 4:40:13. Happy at having won his bet,

continued

he puffed to reporters, "It was tougher than I expected, but I never doubted I'd finish. With such fantastic support from the public, I never thought of giving up."

SAY HEY, IVAN LENDI

One of the many charms of the annual Volvo International tennis tournament in tranquil North Conway, N.H. is the softball game traditionally held on the village green for the touring pros, many of them foreigners who don't know first base from a wild pitch. During this year's game, you could see the smooth-stroking (in tennis, that is) Czech star Ivan Lendi, who lost in the semifinals of the Volvo to the eventual champion, Jose-Luis Clerc of Argentina, awkwardly trying to master the intricacies of swinging a bat. Or you could see South Africa's John Yull being flummoxed by a routine fly ball to left field. Or Angel Garmez, a 5' 4" Spaniard, seek-

crossed the plate before order was finally restored. To the ump's credit, he stuck by his guns in the face of quite a multilingual barrage."

Please sign that man up to umpire at Wimbledon.

HE PLAYS FOR THE LOCAL (CA)NINE

A sheep dog belonging to Jennifer Sedlak of Westminster, Md. recently performed in a talent show for animals at a 4-H fair. The dog scooped up ground balls and grabbed pop flies, much in the manner of the Baltimore Orioles' slick-fielding third baseman. Hence the animal's name: Dog DeCinces.

SINGING THE SPLIT-SEASON BLUES

By any measure, baseball's poststrike decision to adopt a split-season format has been a disaster. One of the innovation's avowed objectives was to create more playoff loot by squeezing in intradivisional playoff games before the usual interdivisional playoffs. Yet this could have been achieved without a split season; playoffs simply could have been staged between the first- and second-place finishers in each division. Which leads us to the other questionable motive for split-season play, namely, to rekindle the interest of fans turned off by the strike. Had baseball's elders simply resumed the season after the settlement, there would have been four ongoing and exciting division races. Instead, the imposition of a "second" season created an early-season torpor that has contributed to disappointing poststrike attendance. So far anyway, the split season hasn't rekindled interest but has further deadened it.

All this is in addition to the integrity issue raised by the clumsy attempt to tinker with the time-honored rhythm of a baseball season already disrupted by a 50-day strike. Under the original split-season scheme, if the same team had won both halves of the season, it would have been matched in playoffs against the team in its division with the second-best overall record. But that raised the disturbing possibility that a club with a shot at the second-best overall record could have got into these playoffs by deliberately losing games so that the first-half winner would also become the second-half winner (SCORECARD, Aug. 17, *et seq.*). Belatedly seeking to close that loophole, the lords of baseball last week amended the format by ruling that if the same team wins both halves, it will go into the intradi-

visional playoffs against the second-place team from the second season. Alas, it remains, as before, possible that the team with the best record in baseball could miss the playoffs. What's more, contrary to the impression Commissioner Bowie Kuhn sought to convey, the new format doesn't completely eliminate the integrity problem because a situation could arise in which it might be possible for a first-round champion to handpick its playoff opponent by intentionally losing games. Indeed, these dangers would have lurked in almost any playoff proposal.

With luck, attendance may yet pick up and the circumstances that could tempt a team to consider throwing a game will not occur. Even so, baseball purists were understandably disoriented last week by a strike-riddled season in which the Phillies' Steve Carlton had a 10-3 record while his team was 5-7. You see, Carlton's record was for both halves of the season, while the Phillies, who won the first half of the National League East, were struggling in the second half and...aw, forget it.

'ATTA GIRL, ANN, PUNISH 'EM

A Boston Globe reporter interviewed a Red Sox fan named Ann from Malden, Mass. at Fenway Park the other day and came away shaking his head. Ann said that during the strike she was so mad at players and management alike that she vowed she'd never attend another game. Her presence at Fenway, she hastened to add, meant she'd merely decided to change her tactics. She explained:

"This morning I woke up and started thinking 'Why shouldn't I go? If I don't go, who do I hurt? ... The only person I hurt is myself, because I enjoy baseball. So I figure I'm not going to give them the satisfaction of upsetting me any more than they have.' That is basically why I'm here—to get back at them."

Ann paused before applying the cruncher. "If I get really vindictive," she said, "I'll buy season tickets."

THEY SAID IT

● John Hannah, upon seeing his billing on the cover of the Aug. 3 issue of *SI* as THE BEST OFFENSIVE LINEMAN OF ALL TIME: "Oh, Lord, help me. This is going to be a long year."

● Barry Beck, New York Ranger defenseman, on why he modeled underwear at a fashion show: "I thought it would be good exposure."

END



ing some sort of advantage by coming to the plate perched on the shoulders of 6' 2" Jim Delaney. And there always seemed to be some base runner vainly trying to advance two or even three bases on a caught pop fly, the necessity of tagging up having eluded him.

But if some of the tennis players didn't quite get the hang of softball, they did show a nice satirical touch at the expense of the local chap who was serving as umpire. As touring pro George Hardie wrote in *International Tennis Weekly*: "A line drive was hit down the leftfield line. Signaling fair, the umpire was immediately besieged by players asking him to check the mark. When that play failed, he was kindly asked to play two and, in the ensuing imbroglio, two or three runners

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Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 31, 1981

SOME FINE



Nehemiah narrowly leads archival Foster (left) over a mid-race hurdle.

SWISS CLOCKWORK

Zippering in Zurich, Renaldo Nehemiah became the first to break 13 seconds in the high hurdles, and Sebastian Coe surpassed the world mile record

by KENNY MOORE



CONTINUED

As Sebastian Coe took a victory lap after the fastest mile ever run, his 3:48.53 on a still, warm night at the Zurich International Meet last Wednesday, the applause for his record was interrupted by the victory ceremony for Renaldo Nehemiah's world record of 12.93 in the 110-meter high hurdles, set half an hour earlier. Nehemiah came off the platform with his medal, trotted to Coe, and the crowd of 25,000 rose, more than doubly inspired by the sight of them together. For a moment, as they raised their arms in salute, Coe and Nehemiah seemed to embody the unifying effect of athletic achievement, the splendor of their performances temporarily overriding differences of event, background and character.

Yet their own feelings were in contrast. Coe's were mixed. There was joy that he'd taken the record back from his British rival Steve Ovett, who had lifted it from Coe a year ago with a 3:48.8. But Coe also sensed he'd had an opportunity for a far better time—and Ovett's 1,500-meter record of 3:31.36 en route—and had not seized it.

Nehemiah's satisfaction was complete. It was the solid knowledge of return, of vindication, almost of revenge. He had become the first man to break 13 seconds in the highs without benefit of an ex-

cessive following wind, and he did it while defeating his archrival Greg Foster, who cut his own best to 13.03 while finishing second. But the thing that made Nehemiah ecstatic was the length of the road he had traveled.

In May, a week after Foster had beaten him in the Pepsi Invitational at UCLA, in 13.10, Nehemiah fell at the tape in the Maryland Track Classic 100-meter dash. "I cracked a bone in my right ankle," he says. "That put me out for seven weeks. I felt like quitting. A lot of people wrote me off, saying Foster finally had my number. I was sick and tired of that."

So when he was healed enough to train, Nehemiah put himself under the eye of famed hurdle coach Wilbur Ross of Somerdale, N.J. "We just ate and slept hurdling," he says. Nehemiah trained away 10 extra pounds of muscle he had put on to win the February *Superstars* competition, returning to his racing optimum of 172. And, interestingly, this man who has so perpetually exuded sureness credits Ross with increasing his confidence. "He instilled in me that I could do it, that I still had it."

His first try at Foster came at the National Sports Festival on July 26 in Syracuse, N.Y. "I didn't have much choice," says Nehemiah. "I had to win." It was

raining. The track was mushy. A strong trailing wind precluded any record possibility and forced both men closer to the approaching hurdles than they wanted, a condition that favored the shorter, more limber Nehemiah. "I had a great start, and that was the race," he says. "Greg panicked and tried to catch me." Foster hit several hurdles. Nehemiah won in 13 flat, with Foster at 13.22.

The rubber match came in Zurich, on a freshly resurfaced track, with the barest breeze of 0.2 of a meter per second in the hurdlers' faces. Nehemiah had taken full advantage of his position as world-record holder to arrange for personal preferences. "The meet director, Andreas Brügger, asked me, 'What lane do you want?'" I said, "Four." "What lane do you want Foster in?" I said, "Five." I wanted to know where he was at all times. There was no way he was going to run a lane or more away like in the past, which is what he likes best."

There was one false start, by Sam Turner of the U.S. "I was glad we had that," said Nehemiah later. "I felt a little tight, and that made me move and got the adrenaline flowing more."

Then they were off cleanly, with Foster getting a splendid start. They were even over the first four hurdles. "I thought he had a little lead for three,"

At the start of the mile, Coe sat up on rabbit Tom Byers' elbow at the head of the



said Nehemiah. "and I said to myself, 'Oh, no. You got to catch him.'" At the fourth, Nehemiah was exhorting himself, "Skeets, stay on your toes. Lean more. Drive more," and he began to edge ahead. By now they were moving so fast that it appeared that their requisite three strides between hurdles were no more than furious stutter steps. At the sixth, Foster felt a twinge in the lower hamstring of his right leg, the trail leg that is whipped to the side across the barriers. Nehemiah went ahead by two feet and as he approached the 10th hurdle was thinking, "Now, Skeets, this is the most important one. He can catch me. Carry on through the tape."

He finished a yard up on Foster. As he slowed, he caught sight of the time on the digital clock at the end of the stadium. That moved him to a jubilant victory lap, and he arrived back at the blocks just as Foster completed his slow, thoughtful jog back up the stretch. They hugged briefly, and Nehemiah said, with honesty, "If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have run that time."

Of his own 13.03, the disconsolate Foster said, "It's a good time indeed, it was the third-best time ever; no other hurdler besides these two has ever broken 13.21, but not good enough."

Later, Nehemiah sat with SI's Anita

Verschoth and watched a replay of the race, giving a remarkably candid description of the willfulness that powers most world-class athletes. "A lot has to do with my ego," he said. "It just tells me no one should be next to me." And Nehemiah's imperatives don't operate only during the race. Of Foster, he said, "He ran the best race of his life and he lost. There is no way he can tell me that he had a cramp. You don't run a 13.03 with a cramp against the best in the world. I think he's a more emotional type, and I'm more realistic. He's hoping that he can do it. I have the knowledge of what my capabilities are. If he runs his best time against me, he should be happy. You may want to call it boasting, but I just believe in my heart that I'm the best hurdler. He was at his best, his ultimate, I think. So I had to dig down and win it. When I'm at my best, nobody can beat me."

Nehemiah, No. 1 in the world rankings for three years and still only 22, went on to say his ultimate goal for the race is 12.4 seconds. It is likely that such certainty is essential for success. What is confidence but the belief, before the fact, that something is possible? The arresting thing about Nehemiah is that he will so forcefully challenge the beliefs of another, that he will seek to crush Foster's confidence.

Two nights later they went to the line again, in Berlin's rain and 56° chill. Again Foster started well. "He beat me to the first hurdle," said Nehemiah. But Foster hit the second, lost rhythm, and Nehemiah caught him. "I saw him easing off," he said. Foster clobbered the fourth hurdle and pulled up, disgusted. Nehemiah rolled on to a 13.18. "Gave him his due," said Nehemiah. "It could have been the rain on his glasses." Or it could have been Nehemiah's raw, unavoidable presence. It is as he says: "There is a battle going on between the milers, but the only real world-class feud is between Greg and myself."

It might be the same in the mile but for Coe's having no wish to feud, only to explore his own limits. Thus he seems to find it easy to ignore Overt's way of scheduling a summer of races without meeting him. "My answer is always that I'm available," says Coe. But in the meantime, he wanted Overt's mile and 1,500 records. With the help of Kenya's Mike Bolt and Tom Byers, a former Ohio State miler, both of whom now live in Eugene, Ore., he planned a pace of 1:52 for 800 meters and 2:48 for 1,200. Byers had beaten Overt in Oslo earlier in the season in a freakish race in which the pack, thinking Byers a rabbit who would die, let him build a huge lead, and continued

pack Coming into the final straightaway, Sab was on his own and straining



he didn't die. But now he was recovering from a terrible cold and felt he could only guarantee two good laps. Boit, who considers himself essentially a half-miler, agreed to take the third quarter. "I'm nervous," he said. "I'm not used to these long races."

As the 10:15 p.m. starting time drew near, the usually serene Coe seemed impatient—standing on the track, ready, even though the 200-meter dash had yet to be run. "It was the difference between not knowing what was going on, as in Oslo in 1979 [where he first took the mile record, with a 3:49.0] and consciously going for something," he would say later. "Before I'd broken world records, I suppose in a way I didn't know they were possible. After you do one, it becomes more real somehow and takes on a greater importance to you, the sentimental value of a collector's item." But beyond that, Coe won the 1980 Olympic 1,500 and so can judge, as few men can, the relative worth of medals or records. "The records of 1979 were the truer indicator of athletic ability," he has written in a new book, *Running Free*. "That's why I want them back."

All had not gone smoothly for Coe since he brought his world record for 800 meters down to an amazing 1:41.72 in



After the blistering race, Seb's sunny face

Florence in June. On July 7, during a near miss of the 1,500 record in Stockholm, he acquired a blister beneath the callous on the ball of his left foot. It opened up when he broke his own world 1,000-meter record with a 2:12.18 in Oslo. And winning the European Cup 800 in 1:47.03 on a searing track in Zagreb, Yugoslavia three days before Zureich didn't help any, the injury by then having developed into a deep wound. "We do a patching-up job that leaves it

a little worse after each race," said Coe's father and coach, Peter. "After this he'll only run the Golden Mile in Brussels [Aug. 28] and the World Cup in Rome [Sept. 4-6]."

With little ceremony, the milers were sent off. Byers bolted to the lead as planned, with Coe taking a position almost beside his elbow. Boit made it to third, then was shoved wide by Spain's José Luis Gonzales coming through on the inside. The 400 was 56.13, right on. "I felt O.K.," said Coe, "and the 800 was comfortable, too, perhaps too much so." The split there was 1:53.59, more than a second and a half behind schedule. Byers saw Peter Coe beside the track gesturing for more speed, but he had none to give. Boit was tired from fighting back around Gonzales into third. So there was a little lull. Coe realized he had to go. "You can train all you want, but when you reach that area around 2½ laps, no one has it easy," he said. "I felt too good." He went into the lead with 600 meters to run. Boit kept close, feeling guilty that he hadn't been able to help.

The 1,200 mark passed in 2:51.68, more than a second slower than Overt's pace in his record race. Coe went down the last backstretch with his head up and his fists clenched, gaining five yards on

Coe's finishing burst came too late to give him a 1,500-meter mark, but he made up



Boit and 20-year-old Steve Cram of England. He passed the 1,500 in 3:33.28. "In theory, 3:33 meant that the mile record was lost because I did 3:32.8 when I ran 3:49 in 1979," Coe said later. "I wanted to treat the race as a hard 1,500 and then try to maintain form the last 120 yards to the finish. As it happened, I had to dig in and go the last part. I've improved my finishing speed, thank goodness."

He lifted visibly in the stretch and just succeeded, his 3:48.53 making this the seventh occasion he has broken an outdoor world record. Boit hung on against Cram, and they both broke 3:50, with Boit's 3:49.74 taking more than five seconds from his previous best, and Cram's 3:49.95 making him the youngest ever to go so fast. John Walker of New Zealand, the first man ever to crack 3:50, almost did it again, six years later, with a 3:50.12. "And I'm seed off," he said, still full of racing fire. "I had way too much left."

Boit didn't. He walked and gulped air for many minutes. "I cannot believe it," he said when told his time. "You know, I don't think I can run any faster than that." Steve Scott, exhausted after coaching his wife through the delivery of their first child, seven-pound Corey Michael Scott, at 1 a.m. the previous Saturday and then flying from California, still ran



For the confident Skeets, no hurdle too high

3:53.98. It was good enough to earn him only eighth place.

Coe went to Byers and thanked him for his help, promising to return the favor. Later, Byers would see Peter Coe and apologize for letting the pace drop. "Hey, was the record broken or not?" said Peter. "They're not 10 to the penny, you know."

The younger Coe was drawn away by British television, so Peter sought out Sebastian's mother in the stands where she

was composing herself. "I saw a little of it," she said, "through my fingers." This was the third record of her son's that she had witnessed. "I'm worse at it every time."

They walked back to their hotel, where a frantic representative of ABC Sports called their room and tried everything he knew to influence Peter to put the absent runner on the phone. "Look, you've heard of Howard Cosell, haven't you?" the voice on the phone wailed.

"I guess so," said Peter, though he hadn't.

"Well, this is special. This is serious." "I'm sorry. It's very serious to you, it's your job. But you see, it's all a joke to me," he said, hanging up.

Yet ultimately he did share a serious moment, one in which he acknowledged Sebastian's wish for a better race. "He's sewn up the 800- and 1,000-meter records for years to come. He knows that. What he knows, too, is that he could have blown apart that 1,500 and hung on to make a real reduction of the mile. Ah, you learn something about yourself in this bloody game, don't you? And maybe what we all should learn is you can't always get everything you want."

Perhaps the only man in Europe who would disagree is Skeets Nehemiah. **AND**

The time he needed to beat countryman Steve Ovett's year-old record by 27





KNOCKED OVER BY A FEROCIOUS FEATHER

Wilfredo Gomez got an eye-opening, and closing, beating from top featherweight Salvador Sanchez

by ANTHONY COTTON

Growing up in Santiago Tungalsten-co, Mexico (pop. 3,000), Salvador Sanchez often had to defend his school books and pencils against toughs who tried to steal them. Little Salvador, one of 11 children, also had to fight to keep classmates from calling him *niña*, little girl. "I found out that I liked hitting people," he says. "And I didn't like school, so I started boxing."

Sanchez, who turned pro at 16, and is now 22, has been enjoying himself ever

since, most recently last Friday night at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas where he successfully defended his WBC featherweight title by knocking out Wilfredo Gomez, the previously undefeated Puerto Rican, in 2:09 of the eighth round. "I fought the fight I had to," said Sanchez, who collected a purse of nearly \$1 million. "I knew I would win."

Sanchez was one of the few who felt so confident about his chances. The oddsmakers had it 2-1 Gomez, mainly be-

cause the challenger from Santurce had won 32 consecutive fights after opening his pro career with a draw almost seven years ago. To some, Gomez was the best pound-for-pound puncher in boxing, for all his wins were knockouts, including a record 13 KOs in defense of his super-bantamweight (122 pounds) championship. He had vacated that title to move up to featherweight (126 pounds) because he could no longer make the weight. (In fact, even the featherweight limit was almost too much for him; he weighed 130 4½ hours before fight time.) While San-

A left-right combination put Gomez down for the second time in the fight, the fourth in his career.

chex had 29 knockouts of his own—two against Danny (Little Red) Lopez, from whom he took the title in February 1980—in comparison with Gomez the champion seemed to lack something.

That something might have been charisma. Like Sugar Ray Leonard, the 24-year-old Gomez has parlayed his good looks and fighting ability into a multi-faceted corporation, Bazooka Gomez Sports Promotion. This enterprise employs a battery of lawyers, accountants and advisers, but as in the ring—he hasn't had a manager for the past three years—the final decisions are made by Wilfredo. Although Bazooka has promoted fights for Gomez, the ultimate goal of the corporation goes beyond boxing. According to one of Gomez' attorneys, Francisco Valcarcel, a search for precisely the right movie script for his client is now under way. "There have been scripts written just for him," Valcarcel says, "but he would have to be owner, actor and impresario." Says Gomez, "Right now I want to box, but it is hard work. If the right property came along, I would like to do that."

Sanchez had no such heady ambitions, which pleases the solitary attorney in his comparatively small entourage, Juan Torres Landa. "Wilfredo talks, talks, talks," says the lawyer. "Salvador prepares, prepares, prepares. Salvador has one lawyer, one doctor, and his sole obligation is to box."

The scene inside the Sports Pavilion on Friday night was more Latin than Nevada. The walls were adorned with huge Mexican and Puerto Rican flags, and the fans in the arena, many dressed in the colors of their favorite's homeland, waved smaller banners and shouted, "Puerto Rico, Puerto Rico," or "Meh-he-co, Meh-he-co."

And ah, the music! The Battle of the Little Giants, promoter Don King's tag for the event, was almost overshadowed by the Battle of the Big Bands. Gomez had flown his Apollo Sound salsa band in from Puerto Rico, while Sanchez countered with a group of strolling mariachis. The moment the two fighters came through the ropes they were joined by their respective musicians in what

appeared to be a ringside sock hop.

That was very nearly the highlight of the evening, because the fight almost ended shortly after it started. The hard-hitting Gomez had had to go 10 or more rounds only three times in his pro career. People wondered how Sanchez, normally a slow starter, would avoid the early knockout. It turned out they were wondering about the wrong fighter. Instead of dancing away from the stalking Gomez as expected, Sanchez gave ground reluctantly, countering the challenger's punches from a stance against the ropes.

Less than a minute into the first round, Sanchez connected with two left hooks and Gomez was on the canvas for only the third time in his career. Getting up before the eight count, Gomez grinned as if in disbelief, but the smile quickly became a look of real concern as Sanchez continued his assault. Sanchez rolled Gomez' eyes back into his head with one combination, which knocked out his mouthpiece; another flurry opened a cut under the challenger's right eye that would need 10 stitches to close. Sanchez followed that with an overhand right that nearly closed Gomez' right eye.

Though his movie-star good looks were all but demolished, Gomez showed he had plenty of heart by pressing the attack, but by the fifth round, his left eye had also begun to close. Yet he still found the target with a number of punches, though the beating he had taken earlier had removed most of their sting. While Gomez was scoring with the judges (at the end, two officials had the bout 67-65 Sanchez, the third 67-66), he wasn't with Sanchez. "It was very discouraging for Wilfredo to see Sanchez still standing after giving him his best punches," another of Gomez' attorneys, Gabriel Peñagaricano, said later.

When the fight moved from the ropes toward the center of the ring, Sanchez showed no inclination to attack Gomez, instead keeping him at bay by flicking jabs at his swollen eyes. It might have looked as if Sanchez was just letting Gomez wear himself out were it not for the faint smile on the champion's face. Sanchez was toying with his opponent, patiently having a good time.

A telling moment came at the end of the seventh round. Even though

the round was perhaps Gomez' best, he had trouble getting back to his corner, setting off a spasm of activity by his handlers. Across the way sat Sanchez, smiling as if enjoying the scene.

The battered and bleeding Gomez tried to press Sanchez in the eighth round, but he couldn't get close enough to do any damage. Then, in a clinch, Sanchez looked at referee Carlos Padilla as if to ask if he really wanted the fight to go on. When Padilla didn't act, Sanchez did. Four hard left hooks to the body and a right uppercut to the head put Gomez against the ropes. Seconds later Sanchez set Gomez up with another left and followed with a thunderous right. Gomez began to go down. Padilla was still reluctant to stop the fight, but WBC President Jose Sulaiman was waving his arms from ringside, so the referee ended it one punch before Gomez might have landed in Sulaiman's lap. Sanchez exploded with joy, leaping all over the ring, showing more movement than he had during the fight. By now the loser's eyes were almost completely shut. It was later disclosed that in addition to the cut near his right eye, Gomez also had a fractured right cheekbone.

Afterward, Sanchez said that he was happy with his victory but disappointed that the fight didn't go the scheduled 15 rounds. When asked why, he said, "Because I wanted to punish him, to beat him for 15 rounds."

If getting beat up as a kid made Sanchez that hungry, heaven help the rest of the fighters he finds on his plate. **END**

The relentless Sanchez enjoyed his foe's discomforts



LET'S GIVE THE TIGERS A GREAT BIG HAND

Take a couple of gridiron greets, throw in the peerless Pinn Bros., ladle on Hot Sauce—and you have a nine-game Detroit winning streak by **STEVE WOLF**

They hardly ever fumble, and their 3-4 defense, which sometimes includes two All-Americans, has very few holes. They come out at intermission throwing the ball and hitting hard, and if they keep this up, the Detroit Tigers, hitherto known as the best football team in baseball, could end up being the best baseball team in baseball.

As of last Sunday, thanks to a nine-game winning streak, the Tigers had the best poststrike record in the majors (10-3) and led the American League East by two games over Milwaukee. Even had the season picked up where it left off, Detroit would be in first, with a one-game lead over the Yankees

and a three-game edge over the Orioles.

Go ahead and say it. The Detroit Tigers? The team that Sparky Anderson took over a couple of years ago? The club with the wide receiver from Michigan State in the outfield and the quarterback from Michigan at first? Heck, the Tigers had a better chance of making the Rose Bowl this year than the World Series.

The team has to put up with grid gags constantly. Every time Kirk Gibson settles under a fly ball, it's a fair catch. Each throw Rick Leach makes is a completion—or an incompletion. The other day when Leach fouled a ball off his foot in the batting cage and started yelping, teammate Ricky Peters,

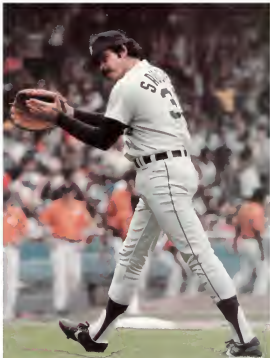
a hot dog who dots the "I" in his name with a star, told him, "Just make believe the center stepped on your toe in a pass-block situation."

How these fellows became the Monsters of the Midway Through the Season is something of a mystery. They aren't exactly knocking down the fences, and their big hitters have yet to start hitting. Jack Morris, their All-Star pitcher, hasn't won a game since the Second Season began.

What the Tigers have done is combine an offense as pesky as the mosquitoes in the dugout with a relief staff that is, in the word of Anderson, "unreal." At one point the relievers hadn't allowed an earned run in 34½ innings. Detroit's emotional leader nowadays is a dark-haired, clear-eyed, round-bellied 25-year-old relief pitcher named Kevin Saucier. That's pronounced so-shea, although the manager still calls him saw-saw-air. Saucier has gotten five of his 12 saves since the break and lowered his ERA to 1.24. He is a free spirit who once said to Anderson after being summoned into a tight situation, "What seems to be



Off the bench and into the breach come the Riders of the Lonesome Pine: Stan Papi, Mick Kelleher, Rick Leach, Lynn Jones, Bill Fahey and John Wockenfels.



the trouble here, Skip?" Each time "Hot Sauce" finishes a game, he stomps and dances and actively seeks out the hand of every Tiger. Saucier usually shakes Alan Trammell's hand first, but the short-stop has learned his lesson. "I kind of hold back a little, don't give Sauce too much of a hand," says Trammell. "That first handshake with him is dangerous. A guy could get a shoulder dislocated if he's not careful." Mark Fidrych may be in Evansville, but his spirit lives on.

The records show that Roger Craig gave up pitching in 1966, but, in truth, he has become the ace of the Tigers' staff. Craig, the pitching coach, calls all of Saucier's pitches, relaying signals to the catcher, who then puts down the fingers. Craig also dictates what relievers Dave Tobik, Dave Rozema and George Capuzzello throw. "It's the next best thing

to pitching," says Craig. "I guess I'm having a pretty good year."

Another reason for the Tigers' surge is a group modestly called the Ruders of

Reliever Saucier, who has saved 12 games and has a 1.24 ERA, leads the applause for himself

the Lonesome Pine, or the Pine Bros., for short. Infielder Mick Keltner is El Capitan, and Outfielder Lynn Jones is King Pine. The other members are Stan Papi, Bill Fahey, John Wockenfuss, Champ Summers and Leach. These guys usually ride the bench, though Anderson likes to play everybody. In 70 games this year, he has used 53 different lineups. "The Pine Bros. have been more instrumental in this streak than the regulars," says regular Leftfielder Steve Kemp.

The Tigers' strong showing has surprised even their silver-haired and-tongued manager. Anderson went to Detroit in 1979, and proceeded to overrate his new charges. "I really did think they were better than they actually were," says Anderson. "Now, trying to be realistic, I think this club is going to be great in 1983 and 1984. That's when we'll go from being the hunted to the hunter. Of course, if this keeps up, I might have to move the timetable up." Anderson takes a pull of his pipe and looks out of his office into the clubhouse. "They're really enjoying this, you know," he continues. "I think it's delightful."

The delight began on Friday night, Aug. 14, in Detroit. The Tigers, 1-3 at the time, beat the Yankees 1-0 as Milt Wilcox, enjoying the best season of a so-so career, shut out New York on three hits over 8½ innings. Saucier came in for the last dance. The next night Detroit came from behind twice to de- *continued*



Anderson had said the Tigers would be tough by 1983, but he's having to revise that timetable.

feat the Yankees 8-5 as Al Cowens hit a two-run homer and Saucier pitched 2½ innings of shutout relief. On Sunday, the Tigers were trailing the Yankees 4-2 with one out and two on in the ninth when Gibson hit a breathtaking shot that landed deep in Section 43 of the right centerfield bleachers. He trotted home to a mob scene at the plate. It was the Tigers' most euphoric moment since the Bird was in full flight.

The Twins, however, aren't the '72 Yankees. Nor are they even the '81 Rangers, who came into Detroit last Friday. The Tigers had to start Aurelio Lopez, normally a reliever, because Morris had a stiff shoulder, but this was the night the regulars started hitting the long ball. First Baseman Richie Hebner smote a two-run homer in the first, Kemp a solo shot in the third and Whitaker a two-run home run in the seventh. Going into

up only one hit. Then Rozema came on and pitched well until giving up a lead-off single in the ninth. Sure enough, he had shaken off Craig on the pitch. Guess who came on? The Rangers sent up Bill Stein, batting .403 as a pinch hitter, against Saucier. After Stein swung at a fastball and missed, Craig, sitting in the dugout, touched his left ear, his right ear, the bill of his cap, his nose and his mouth. Catcher Lance Parrish got the message and relayed it to Saucier, who threw a cruel slider that Stein beat into the ground for a 4-6-3 double play. Saucier then retired Billy Sample for save and dance No. 12. Together the three pitchers yielded only four hits in the 2-0 win.

On Sunday the left-leaning Tigers faced Jon Matlack, their ninth lefthander in 13 games. Gibson's two-run homer in the first staked them to an early lead, but Wilcox didn't have his good stuff and had to leave after six with the score tied 3-3. The Rangers went ahead 4-3 in the ninth, and for the less-than-faithful, it appeared that the winning streak might end.

But Jones led off the bottom of the inning against Matlack with only the sixth homer of his career. Kemp, who didn't start because of a sore wrist, singled off reliever Jim Kern and went to second on a sacrifice. After Whitaker was intentionally walked, Peters hit for Cowens and brought the count to 3-0. Steve Comer relieved Kern and got one strike, and then Peters chopped a grounder just off the glove of First Baseman Stein to score Kemp with the winning run.

The outside of Tiger Stadium is badly in need of a paint job, and the club knows it. Ninety cents of every ticket sale is earmarked for renovation. On the field, though, the paint job begun four years ago is nearly complete. The Tigers still have a few patches to touch up—they could use a regular third baseman and a power-hitting outfielder, preferably righthanded—but the first coat is down. First came Kemp in 1977, out of USC with only 125 minor league games under his belt. He turned into one of the best hitters in the league in just three years. Although he feels he's having a subpar season—.295, 34 RBIs, seven homers—and is hearing boos after winning a \$600,000 salary in arbitration, he's still the most dangerous batter on the team. "The strike hurt me a lot," says Kemp. "I have a very active swing, and timing

continued

Gibson, an All-American wide receiver at Michigan State, may be the most talented Tiger of all.

The Twins came into town for three, and left town with three more losses. On Monday, Detroit won 12-2, thanks to an eight-run first inning, six RBIs by the splendid double-play combination of Trammell and Lou Whitaker and two more RBIs by Gibson. It was Leach's turn to be the hero the next night. He hit a three-run homer that accounted for all the Tigers' runs as Wilcox and Saucier again teamed up for the shutout. "I can't say that was the biggest thrill of my life," says Leach. "I did have a few at Michigan. But it was my biggest in baseball." Dan Schatzeder and Tobik combined to shut out the Twins 4-0 on Wednesday, and one of the Pine Bros., Papi, came through with a two-run homer.

the game, the Tigers had hit only 24 homers in 36 games in Tiger Stadium, which is usually a very good home-run ball park.

Lopez left after five innings, giving way to Cappuzzello, who held the fort until Saucier arrived in the seventh. Al Oliver led off the eighth with a harmless home run, the first homer off Saucier all year and the first run he had given up in 21 innings. He actually shook off Craig's signal on that pitch. Following orders, Saucier didn't allow another hit, and he picked up his 11th save in the 7-4 victory.

On Saturday, Anderson and Craig set what must be a major league record for trips to the mound—six—in a shutout. They nursed Dan Petry through six innings of constant trouble, though he gave

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is important. I was hitting the ball well before the strike, but I don't feel good at the plate. Plus I'm mentally fatigued. A pennant race would cure that."

Whitaker and Trammell won their jobs at second and short, respectively, in '78, and their faces still look as if they came out of a high school yearbook. After an off year, Whitaker is back hitting .265, and Trammell is batting .297, highest among the regulars, after a slow start. Before Friday night's game, he belatedly accepted his Gold Glove from Rawlings.

The other key up the middle is Parrish, who started catching full time in '79 and has hit 43 homers the last two years. He looks as if he could beat the living daylight out of any runner who tries to score, which no doubt helped him land a job as a bodyguard for singer Tina Turner over the winter. Parrish is struggling at the plate—.227 with only seven homers—but he's suffering his slump with the same nonchalance he shows his squealing teenybopper fans.

The golden boy is, of course, Gibson. "He has no idea of how good he is," says Summers. "All he needs is time." One of the most impressive things that Gibson did last week was get thrown out at first. On Friday night he hit a routine double-play ball to second but beat the throw to first, although the umpire mistakenly called him out. Leach doesn't have Gibson's baseball talent, but, says Anderson, "The kid's a winner. He's the kind of guy you don't notice until you go over the scorebook and find out he figured in every run." The Tigers plan to play Leach more in the outfield, especially now that they have acquired First Baseman Ron Jackson from the Twins.

Meanwhile, Detroit has the Pine Bros. Membership perks include a card, a license plate and an official T shirt, suitable, says Keliher, "for pregame lounging and postgame interviews." Anderson keeps his bench happier than most managers do simply because he plays all 25 men. "That may not be the key to making money," says King Pine Jones, who is, by the way, the leading hitter on the team at .302. "but it's the key to winning." In the Tigers' winning streak, eight different players had the game-winning hit, Gibson being the only repeater.

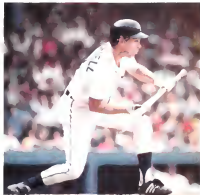
The most significant improvement in the Tigers is the pitching staff, which has lowered its ERA from 4.25 last year to 3.47 so far this season. Wilcox, a some-

time breeder of chinchillas, gives most of the credit to Craig. "He taught me a forkball and got me throwing an overhand curve instead of a slider," says Wilcox, "but mentally, he's helped me even more. He said I was the best pitcher in the league, and I started believing him. And even though he doesn't call the pitches for me anymore, he changed my whole pattern around."

Morris came into his own under Craig, as well. Tobik, Cappuzzello, Petry and Rozema are all reclamation projects. Says Rozema, "A lot of guys have occupied these pitchers' lockers since I got here five years ago. Right now we have the best staff I can remember."

There to rescue them all is Saucier, who came to the Tigers almost by accident. This time last year, he was in another pennant race, serving mostly as an observer from the Phillies' bullpen. He was the player to be named in the deal that sent Sparky Lyle to Philadelphia from the Rangers. Three weeks later, the Tigers traded spare Shortstop Mark Wagner to Texas for Saucier. "I'd never seen him," says Anderson, "but our scout was very high on him. The funny thing was, we had two lefthanded relievers in mind. The other one is in the minors now."

What with the football players on



Shortstop Trammell is the top hitter among the starters

his baseball team, Anderson naturally goes to boxing for an analogy. "Managing the Reds was like managing Joe Louis," he says. "We'd stalk our opponents. Managing the Tigers is like managing Billy Conn. We have to do a lot of dancing." Students of boxing will recall that had the first Louis-Conn fight ended after 10 rounds, Conn would have won. Who knows what can happen in this 10-round season?

END

Second Basemen Whitaker and Trammell make up one of the game's best double-play combinations



COLLEGE FOOTBALL

1981



WHAT YOU SEE, YOU GET

Which conference is best? When the computer gave up, it took a house call by Doc Rorschach to figure it out by JOHN PAPANÉK

O.K., Dr. Rorschach, we need your help. We've been trying to devise a scientific method to determine which conference plays the best collegiate football. We already have thrown out the MAC, the PCAA and the ACC, the Southland, Southern and Missouri Valley, for the same reason the Pepsi Challenge never includes Sun-drop cola. Besides, they all sound like names of railroads. Then we dumped the Ivy Group because those schools just aren't serious enough—let Merrill Lynch evaluate them. You agree, don't you? Then we took the rest of them

and asked some penetrating questions like: Who is Norman Oklahoma and why? What do Arizona and Arizona State have to do with the Pacific Ocean? Would the Pop Warner League get more respect if it lured Northwestern away from the Big Ten? We called the NCAA to get some numbers—you need numbers for this sort of duty—and we ran the whole mess through our computer. But all it spit out were these curious-looking inkblots. We thought if anyone could make something of them, Dr. Rorschach, it would be you.

For instance, here is the blot that came out on the Big Ten. What do you see?

"A 280-pound man named Kowalski pushing at a 285-pound man also named Kowalski."

Ah, very perceptive. Look at this one. The Big Eight. What comes to mind with this one?

"Skinny black man with kerchief on head pulling covered wagon."

Southwest?

"Turkey's wishbone. This is extremely boring."

Western Athletic Conference?



ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAUL LAMBERT

All the Doc saw for the Big Ten was two big blobs named Kowalski shoving each other.

"Mmmmm. Either the Mormon Tabernacle Choir throwing coconuts or the exercise yard at San Quentin."

Pac-10?

"Very simple. That's either Robert Redford, as a surfer, or Sidney Poitier in a remake of *The Great Escape*."

Southeastern?

"A dancing Bear putting Atlanta to the torch."

Now, which conference do you think plays the best football?

"What is this football?"

Thanks a lot, Doc.

Determining the "best" conference requires more subjectivity than objectivity, so let us subject ourselves to the numbers that choked up from the computer

and see if we can get them into recognizable shape. And, hoo boy, are there numbers. But before we go on, a word of caution. Numbers can be insidious, considering the fact that they are the cherished playthings of three groups of less-than-savory characters: television executives, gamblers and so-called Figure Filberts, those pathetic, frustrated creatures who spend their lives secretly reading *The Sporting News* under the covers. Now, a gambler might tell you the Big Ten is the best conference, because the teams there play according to form with disgusting consistency—Michigan on the road, take the points and pour the martini. A TV guy likes the Pac-10 because USC televises almost as well as

Morgan Faurchold. The Figure Filbert? He wants to look at the record?

Well, the records imply that the No. 1 conference is the Southeastern, largely because it has brought us the national champion (via the notoriously unscientific AP poll) three years in a row—Georgia last season and Alabama twice before that. But what of it? Suppose, say, Alabama goes undefeated—just glides through its conference games, knocks off those notorious toughies Southern Mississippi and Rutgers, gets lucky against Penn State and wins its bowl game. Sure, the Bear (Paul Bryant, that is) will be dancing and Atlanta burning. Alabama will get the better of Georgia in the rankings, and Bryant, incidentally, will be-

continued

COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

come college football's alltime winningest coach. And Alabama doesn't even have to play Georgia this year.

All right, the SEC had the best non-conference record last year, 34-19, including wins in the Sugar (Georgia over Notre Dame), Cotton (Alabama over Baylor) and Tangerine (Florida over Maryland) bowls. But wait a minute. Baylor? Maryland? Come on. And a lot of those other wins came over the likes of

in the nation. You can look it up.

By the same token, the vaunted Southwest Conference loves to beat up on the Lamars, North Texas States, Texas-Arlingtons and El Pasos of the world. Eight of its 18 outside wins came against patsies from the "other" conferences. SWC champion Baylor—10-1, right? The stats say 74 NCAA Division I-A schools had tougher schedules. In regular-season games against Top 20 teams, the SWC went 1-5. In the bowls, two wins (Garden State and Hall of Fame—big deal) in five. An "off" year for Texas and Arkansas, you say? O.K., O.K. Look at the long-term bowl records. Over the past three years the SWC ranks fourth among conferences. Over 10 years it ranks sixth. That should spell out the true efficacy of the wishbone and its bastard offspring: f-o-w-l.

We'll take the WAC over the SWC, even if some of its schools seem to recruit from the cast of *I Was a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*. Was any game better than last season's Holiday Bowl, in which BYU Quarterback Jim McMahon—holder of 34 NCAA offensive records—brought the Cougars back from 20 points down in the fourth quarter to defeat SMU 46-45?

Now, the Big Ten has inspired volumes of jokes since Michigan and Ohio State took it over in the late '60s and proceeded to lose 10 of 12 Rose Bowls to the Pac-10 (Pac-8 before 1978). But last year was a Big One for the Big Ten. Kowalski vs. Kowalski might make a good title for a Brando movie, but it doesn't describe the Big Ten any more than "Big Two, Little Eight" once did. Maybe the Big Ten used to resemble a cattle drive; now it's more diversified. Michigan's Anthony Carter was catching passes; Purdue's Mark Herrmann, Ohio State's Art Schlichter and Illinois' Dave Wilson were throwing them. And Michigan won the Rose Bowl! Purdue won the Liberty Bowl! O.K., Ohio State lost the Fiesta Bowl, but all three teams ended up in the Top 20. Outside its conference, the Big Ten went 12-18-1, not too good. Thirteen of those games were against teams that wound up in the Top 20. No other conference had as tough an outside schedule. Too bad the Big Ten lost 12 straight before breaking through in the Rose Bowl or we would be making an even stronger case for the rise of the Big Ten here. As it is, despite the long Rose Bowl drought, the Big Ten has rep-




After he studied the Pac-10, the Doc revealed movie stars in strange new roles.

Bowling Green, Louisiana Tech and Utah State—practice games. It all amounts to a cheesy non-conference schedule. Premier example: Auburn, 5-6 on the season, got all its wins outside the conference, against such powerhouses as Richmond (5-6), Duke (2-9), Georgia Tech (1-9-1), Southern Mississippi (9-3) and TCU (1-10). In fact, excluding the bowls, the entire SEC played nine games with outside teams that finished in the nation's Top 20—and lost eight. But, of course, there's also a major exception: Big Bad Georgia. Yes, Herschel Walker and friends did beat Notre Dame, and the Bulldogs did finish 12-0, but they had the 114th-toughest schedule—measured by opponents' won-lost records—

Once he detected the wishbone, the Doc had little trouble, less interest, in the Southwest.





resented itself a little better in bowls the last three years, going 5-5.

Among conferences committed to a major bowl, Oklahoma—that is, the Big Eight—has been as good as anyone over the past three years. Yes, Oklahoma, with quarterbacks like the bandannaed Thomas Lott and wispy J.C. Watts, has won three straight Orange Bowls. So what? In the last two, it beat overrated Florida State teams, and before that it beat its own clone, Nebraska. The fact is that Big Eight football is as exciting as the geography of the land the conference spans. The Big Ten finally got smart and added the forward pass to its football, and now we like it. So how come Big Eight quarterbacks always seem to be drafted into the pros as defensive backs? Last year the Big Eight went 2-2 against the SEC, 0-2 against the SWC and 0-3-1 against the Pac-10. Oklahoma, 10-2, lost to Stanford, which went 3-4 in conference, 3-1 outside. Against "others," the Big Eight won nine of 12. Bully, bully.

So finally we come to the Pac-10, where the power I was invented, the conference that brought us Billy Kalmer, Dan Fouts, Jim Plunkett and, of course, those USC tailbacks from Garrett to O.J. to Charlie White. Forget about Notre Dame. What we're talking about here is the prototypical American red-blooded golden-boy football players, such as Stanford Quarterback John Elway, who has the looks of a movie star and gives Academy Award performances in game films. Perhaps it is because life is so laid back on the Coast that multidimensional football has been able to flourish there, while elsewhere in the country bone busting and tooth gnashing have become more the order of the game. Perhaps life is too laid back, and that's why five Pac-10 schools were nailed for eligibility-cheating last year—by the conference's presidents and chancellors, it should be noted—and banned from postseason play. The rest of the nation was lucky. The Pac-10 went 21-15-1 outside its conference—7-3 versus the Big Ten, 5-4 against major independents and 4-4 against Top 20 teams.

As good a way as any to determine the best conference is to look at the 1980 NFL rosters. The Super Bowl-champion Oakland Raiders listed eight players from the Pac-10. By contrast, New Orleans, the league's worst team, had 11 from the Big Eight. Overall, the Pac-10 had 140 players on NFL rosters, followed by the

Big Eight with 132, the SEC with 102, the Big Ten with 96 and the SWC with 90. In the 1981 rookie draft, the Pac-10 led the way again with 42 players chosen, to 32 from runner-up Big Eight.

Of course, you Tuscaloosians and Texans, you Athenians from Georgia, Normaniacs from Oklahoma and Michigan-



The Deo identified the Sooners in the Big Eight list, but he could find no one else.

mas from Ann Arbor—and, yes, you effete Ivy snobs—may all disagree. You may not give a hoot for the NFL, Robert Redford or dancing bears. You want to like your conference, go ahead. We admit it—we liked the Pac-10 even before this whole exercise began. Prejudice is where it's at, anyway.

As Herr Doktor Professor Hermann Rorschach might put it, "Wer beznihlt, hat die Wahl."

Which means, of course, "You pays your money, you takes your choice."

Turn page to discover how life looks to Herschel Walker and how we see the Top 20 teams shaping up this season.



What the Deo spotted in the Southeast was the razing of Atlanta by big, vengeful Bear.

You could say that we become what we are not so much in the sanctuary of the womb or the groves of academe but in that Elysian drive-in joint known as high school. Most everyone went to high school, even a few hockey players. It is there that we were nurtured, our personalities shaped, our bodies structured, our habits and moods and values all having jockeyed for position in the chaotic halls of puberty. High school is enduring. Chuck Berry: *Ring, ring, goes the bell—deliver me from the days of old. No one is completely delivered from the days of high school.*

This is especially true in the case of heroes who learn to be heroes in high school and stay that way. High school nerds can change and turn into real people, but high school heroes aren't permitted the luxury. So why all the hullabaloo over Herschel Junior Walker, 19 and never been fussed? Why such astonishment about his poise, intelligence, charm, graciousness, humility, charisma, and his ability to put together more than two words at a time? Sir John Gielgud once said of Jean Seberg, who came out

of little Marshalltown, Iowa, "She had learned to be a star before she became an actress." And so, now, Herschel Walker, the End Zone Sialker.

Walker, the All-American football player, says he runs track better than he plays football. Walker, the world-class sprinter, says he dances better than he sprints. Walker, the jump-splits hooper, says he spends more time writing poetry than sa-shaying around the disco floor. But if there is one thing he knows more about than all of this, it is how to be a hero. Herschel Walker, out of little Wrights-ville, Ga., learned that before he became anything else.

If all the Georgia Dawgs will please hunker down for a moment and cease wooing, we can put away Walker's historical debut against Tennessee and his historical NCAA freshman rushing record of 1,616 yards and his historical rookie-year third-place finish in the Heisman Trophy voting and his historical one-man-gang-despite-a-dislocated-shoulder Sugar Bowl routine against Notre Dame for the national championship and ... woof, woof, woof. All right, all right.

MORE THAN GEORGIA'S

His roots are in the Deep South, but Herschel Walker sees the whole world as his stage **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

ON HIS MIND

Healthy all season, Hushel—that's the way you Dawgs say it, now ain't it? *Hushel*—would've gone for 2,000 yards easy. And, yeah, yeah, he got absolutely jobbed out of the Heisman. If the voters had waited two more weeks, Walker would have won it laughing. Now get down, you hairy dawgs ... If we put away all the football elements, and the track stop-watches, too, it becomes fairly clear from

Walker's endearing way with people, plus an obvious relish for this hero business, that his race is not with Art Schlächter or Carl Lewis for yards, finishing tapes, banquet appearances and other boring stuff. It is with—why, of course!—Sugar Ray Media Leonard for the role of America's next black sports idol.

Doubtless the word "idol" hasn't crossed Walker's own lips. He insists he





never had a role model. Indeed, he says, "I don't remember ever admiring anyone. . . . Well, maybe Richard Pryor." And yet his mentors from Wrightsville—Tom Jordan, a former head track coach and assistant football coach at Johnson County High, and Bob Newsome, Walker's employer at the corner Ford agency in town—dispute this. Jordan says Walker "kept close track" of Muhammad Ali. Newsome remembers Walker's following the career of O.J. Simpson, being impressed with his "class and stature."

Wasn't Ali the one who rhymed any-

thing that moved? Wasn't Simpson the one who gave so much credit to his offensive line? Well, late at night while everybody else was asleep in the old house on the hill outside Wrightsville, little Herschel Walker composed poems about life, love, his football team and his algebra class, at times conveying a feel and sensitivity that would shock and amaze ya, even Joe Frazier:

*I wish they could see
The real person in me
Someday I reckon they will know
I'm not only here for the show*

And when Walker arrived in Athens with all the bugles blaring, he proceeded to diffuse any resentment on the part of his teammates by being the first freshman to unload the seniors' luggage on the opening day of practice. Following that, he unloaded volley after volley of Simpsonianities. Like "I'm just here to make the traveling squad." And "The tailback position is one of the easiest to play." And "I play to satisfy my coaches and teammates. I'm just grateful to the offensive line for taking me in as a member of their family."

continued

Richard Pryor?

"Herschel has the unique ability to make you feel good about yourself," says LaTrelle Troup, a Wrightsville housewife who has known Walker through her son, Chris, the current starting quarterback and safety at Johnson County High. "The folks who know Herschel Walker only as an athlete will be severely cheated in life."

On campus at Athens, Walker's wholesomeness, his closeness to family, his inclination to do all the right things and use all the right phrases, including "yes sir" and "no sir" (simple, unadulterated quotes which sent the media into mass cardiac arrest), his respect for elders, his manners in the presence of women, his patience with autograph-seeking children of all ages... collectively, these responses seemed almost too good to be true. "But don't you see?" Newsome, the car dealer, says. "Herschel knew exactly where he was going and the best road to get there. This was all planned."

Nevertheless, Walker's behavior was nothing more than a finely tuned emula-

tion of a value system taught by his parents, Willis and Christine. He was, and is, a child of the Old South, possessed of all that implies—gentility, courtesy, devotion to Sunday School, punctuality at supper, loyalty to home and hearth. He is sincerely a mama's boy, Christine Walker's boy through and through. When Walker arrived at the state university, a school that first gave an athletic scholarship to a black in 1968, the fact that he was a black child of the Old South who hit the books, quoted from Macbeth and insisted he would graduate with a degree in criminology (he had about a 3.0 grade-point average last year) was the dynamic that shocked everyone. And, besides, the guy could run the football a little bit.

Immediately Walker disarmed potential critics (read: the press) as easily as he evaded potential tacklers. Herschel, don't you get tired carrying the football so many times? "No sir, the ball ain't heavy." This was great stuff for a while. But then, Herschel, don't you get tired signing all those autographs? "No sir, the pen ain't heavy." Enough was enough. The Georgia offensive line was good but, hey, they weren't the 12 disciples or even the Seven Blocks of Granite. Walker's confession that he had never given the Heisman a thought was quaint but, hey, he knew the precise number of juniors who had won the award and the seniors as well. After Walker received a summons for a traffic violation in Dublin, Ga., he telephoned his apologies to the officer who pulled him over, for wasting the cop's time. Hey, what was this, *Hill Street Blues*? Given these downs and the yardage to go, it was inevitable that cynicism would rear its ugly head. Chinks appeared to tarnish the All-America armor.

It was noted that, a year before Walker's matriculation, Georgia had created a women's track team specifically to get his older sister Veronica ("Nep"), a sprinter, up to Athens. But last April Veronica was sus-

pected of shoplifting, though no charges were brought; after she was called on the carpet about other troubles, with her grades, she told school officials that if she was sent home, Herschel might just go with her. Well, he was his sister's keeper, but this certainly wasn't his fault, nor his idea.

And how about the way Walker had made Georgia Coach Vince Dooley squirm during the 1980 recruiting season by waiting so long, until he was the 29th and last freshman to sign? Surely he was coming to Athens all along. Or the way Walker had made all of college football wriggle this past spring by permitting Montreal Alouettes owner Nelson Skalbania's offer to play pro ball in Canada this fall to dangle in the scalding Georgia sun?

"I don't remember his daughter's name," Walker says of Skalbania's emissary to Athens, "but she sure was pretty." Certainly he never was going to abandon the national champions to go take hand-offs for something called the Alouettes? Walker's mother drove more than two hours up Highway 15 to school to discuss the Montreal offer, but, she says, "Herschel wouldn't even turn that stereo down. Lord, how he blares that thing."

Then there was the aborted Herschel Walker Insurance Agency, a scheme devised by Newsome and an Atlanta lawyer as an "off-season summer job." As if Walker would have time to go door to door peddling fire and flood policies, what with all those 10-and-change 100-meter dashes he would be running in places like Oslo and Amsterdam between semesters. As that fiasco unfolded, to the horror of Dooley as well as the NCAA, the previously benign press opened fire.

In the spring of 1980 Walker refused to get involved when Wrightsville black groups held marches and boycotted stores in his hometown, protesting what they felt was police mistreatment and a lack of job opportunities. Walker attributed the confrontations to "outsiders." He says, "I never go jumping into something I don't know what I'm jumping into." In Athens the small black community began to wonder why Walker was always seen around campus with many more white friends than black. Walker watchers of both races confirm that he has gravitated toward white society and doesn't relate to his fellow blacks.



To watch the 6' 2", 220-pound Walker running on a gridiron is stunning: ..

"Herschel shouldn't be underestimated," says Dr. Leroy Ervin, a black who is the assistant vice-president for academic affairs at Georgia. "There is a kind of genius there that has enabled him to synthesize things at a much quicker rate than most adults. He's not the kind to put an umbilical cord anywhere—even where race is concerned. He gets close to some people . . . at a distance. In the same way, he will never be directly offensive or confrontive. He has developed all the appropriate responses at an autonomic level."

The net result is that the person Herschel Walker has turned out to be is more, much more, than a little bit impossible to dislike. Just as his stability emanates from a tightly knit family, so his worldliness has been attained through travel. He asks not to be photographed in that cliché, out-of-the-backwoods shot in front of his home—a neat, one-story, white clapboard house six miles outside Wrightsville over the railroad tracks and up a dirt road that overlooks a picturesque hill with green pastures and wild flowers sprinkled across the horizon. (In fact, he wants to demolish the house and build another on the site. That way he can, in a sense, obliterate the past without abandoning it.) Smoky, the horse, is out back. A pit bulldog and a chihuahua are on the porch. Trophies nearly fill an entire room. But inside, where a camera also isn't allowed, books are everywhere as well. The adults of the house, both factory workers who met picking cotton in the nearby fields, always tended to their book learning.

Out of this background Herschel Walker somehow developed terrific sociopolitical acumen. "The kid is a politician par excellence," says one Georgia man. In the 1980 election returns of Greene County, Ga., Walker received three write-in votes for President of the United States.

Lest it be forgotten that, above everything else, Walker is still a relative infant from the boondocks who has been forced too early to form—and asked to state—opinions on issues both athletic and otherwise, his open, almost baby face and pragmatic mind are always there as a reminder.

Examining the situation long and hard, Walker figured out correctly that the National Football League shouldn't be permitted to deprive a football player of a



... to know he can accelerate to world-class speed (a PR of 10.22 for 100 meters) is but-out scary.

job because of his age. He also determined that it would be foolish—certainly now if not ever—to challenge the league in court, even if he were to win. Earlier Walker, rejecting the Canadian Football League, announced, "I grew up in America and I don't think I should have to leave the country to make a living." That was his and his alone. He came into Dooley's office one day, sat down and said just that. The Georgia people, hearts in throats, wrote up the press release. They didn't unfurl any flags. On the Bulldog highlight film a voice off camera asks a 19-year-old sophomore-to-be in a letter jacket what he would most like people to know about himself. "That Herschel Walker is not some make-believe character," Walker says.

The story is told of a disc jockey in Savannah whose mother called from New York last fall and asked who this nice Jewish boy "Herschel Somebody" was, the one running up big numbers for the

Georgia Dogs. Well, the name happens to be a common one in Walker's neck of the woods. Lovett Stadium, the field where the Johnson County Trojans play, is named for a prominent former banker, Herschel Lovett. The county itself is named for a former Georgia governor, Herschel V. Johnson. Two generations ago Big Herschel Walker and Little Herschel Walker were brothers, distinguished not by name but by size. Big Herschel Walker was the grandfather of Biggest Herschel Walker. How 'bout them Herschels?

In their den in the unphotographed house up on the hill Willis and Christine Walker proudly point to plaques, ribbons and honors won by all of their offspring—Willis Junior, 25 now, Reneth, age 24, Sharon, age 23, Veronica, age 20, Herschel Junior (Christine just liked the name Junior. The family calls him "Bo"), and Lorenza, age 17. Everyone but baby Carol, 14, who can really shoot the basketball and may ultimately be the best

continued

athlete of the brood. That will take some doing. Sharon was quite the softball player in her day. Renneth and Lorenza made their marks in several sports for the Trojans. And Willis Jr.—“Spunk” to his buddies—was the first genuine Walker star. Because of an accident with a gun, Spunk played with one thumb as a defensive end for Johnson County. Back there in the ninth grade, he was as big and strong as Herschel was to get later, which is to say enormous and very. Nobody could run a play by Spunk Walker. He was a major college prospect, possibly a pro prospect. But he got married, took a night job and finally had to drop out of school. “Well, you know how kids are,” says Christine Walker.

By his junior year in high school, Bo could finally outrace his sister, Nep, in their sprints by the house. He was chomping at the bit to whip his brothers, too. It wasn’t that he even liked football. His mother hated it. “I just close my eyes until everybody gets up from the colli-

sions,” Christine Walker says. Peer pressure and sibling rivalry forced Walker into the game. Then a couple of unusual developments took place which were to color the legend born in Johnson County.

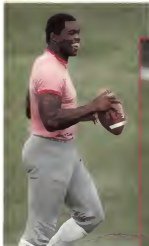
Unlike the other Walker children, Herschel was uncommonly quiet, always staying by himself. “I cherish privacy,” he says. “I stayed by myself so I could grow.” But how, physically, did he grow? He never lifted a weight. Still doesn’t. He never even lifted a pitchfork. “I raked the yard once,” he says. Suddenly, Walker filled out from his short, chubby frame into a veritable Hercules. Wrightsville veterans remember him in 11th grade as a speeding bullet, a muscle-bound hulk, an “elephant roaming through a toothpick factory.” Herschel was nicknamed “Hurt” Walker for the way he applied himself on the gridiron. Whenever he appeared to be smothered at the line of scrimmage, he would “rise up from the ground and be gone.” Local folks see him today as this marvelous physical specimen—6’ 2”, 220 pounds, massive thighs, ox neck, peaked shoulders, tiny 31-inch waist tapering up and out to what the glistening fellows down at the flex salon

would refer to as “the perfect upper-body V”—and insist he hasn’t changed one iota. “I’m telling you, Herschel was a monster down here,” says Chris Troup, the erstwhile quarterback. “And he had to ease up all the time. If he didn’t, he would have killed guys, just broken their necks with one hit.”

Calling defensive signals back then, Walker’s shouting made his voice hoarse and may have harmed his vocal cords. In conversation now he finishes most sentences with his voice cracking into a funny, alto pitch, as if a “Wolfen” had instantly turned into Olivia Newton-John. When he grew up—that is to say, at age 17—he seemed to have had enough of food and sleep as well. “I think I overdid the vegetables,” Christine Walker says. At any rate Herschel abandoned most accepted nutrition and started pecking in hamburgers and junk food. Now in Athens milk and orange juice are necessary training-table evils, but his main sustenance is boxcar loads of Snickers bars. Pregame meals? Perish the thought. Walker hardly eats anything at all for up to two days before football games.

As for his sleep habits, or lack of same, those too were ingrained on the hill outside Wrightsville. He would reserve the wee hours for doing his homework or reading his books or writing his poetry ... anything but sleep. A few years later, during Sugar Bowl week, Claude Felton, the Georgia sports-information director, would ask Walker in New Orleans if he wanted a wake-up call for his appearance on the TV show *Good Morning America*. “No need,” Walker said. On the morrow he was waiting in the hotel lobby at 5:20 a.m. “I don’t want to risk missing anything of life,” Walker says. “I reckon late at night is the only time I get to think about anything.”

Time has always been of the essence for heroes. In Wrightsville there was time enough to run for 86 touchdowns and 6,137 yards, 45 and 3,167 of those in his senior year alone, when Johnson County won the state Class A championship. Current Head Coach Jimmy Moore remembers the practices: “Track meets,” he says. “Run a play—TD. Run a play—TD. I swear Herschel used to let people tackle him so he wouldn’t have to run so far.” There was also time to win the dashes and the shotput in the state Class A track meet. There was time to ride his



This season Georgia plays to make even more of Walker by using him on option passes and as a receiver.



horse and his motorcycle, to win dance contests and shoot pool, to serve as president of the Beta Club and prepare for his Brown Belt in karate, and to meet all the recruiters who made the Holiday Inn look like the site of an NCAA coaches' convention. There was time to do what Walker's mother says he does best—"pay attention to people." But there was no time to think. What a fine, harmless excuse for procrastination.

Where would he go to college? A Clemson man supposedly requested a clandestine meeting with Walker in a graveyard outside of town. Southern Cal Coach John Robinson supposedly registered in a hotel, fully prepared to whisk him off to the Pacific Coast; that John Robinson turned out to be a salesman from Huntsville, Ala. Finally, on Easter Sunday, when Walker's decision was relayed to Mike Cavan, the Georgia assistant coach who had virtually lived for six months in Bob Newsome's lakeside cabin while pursuing his quarry, Cavan screamed so wildly his family thought he'd been shot.

Four months later Walker fled his sheltered, teen-age kingdom. "It is time to move on and give life a try," he wrote in a poem entitled *It's Almost Gone*. The night before Walker set out on the trail—of whom? Jim Thorpe? Red Grange? Thurgood Marshall?—he paid a visit to the Troups, then took one final drive by the old high school field. He was all alone. The next morning he left for Athens before dawn. He didn't wake his family. It was easier that way.

Is Herschel Walker the first hero ever to ride off into the sunrise? No matter. From his beginnings in the big time, this gentle, poised creature, blessed with such a magnificent body, such immense talent, couldn't seem to escape the circumstances which kept mounting to certify him as mythical. Either that or... this was all planned.

In the Georgia media guide, first-semester freshmen aren't listed on the depth chart. Under "tailback" last fall there were five other names. During pre-season practice Walker moved up to third string, but his timing was off; he wasn't hitting the proper holes and he didn't break one long gainer. Walker showed no consistent power or quickness or assertiveness. He ran straight up and down, not "under the shoulders," as the Geor-



Scottie Johnson, a cheerleader, and Coach Vince Dooley count on Walker's making 1981 another decent season.



gia coaches teach. He was, according to one observer, "a non-person. Herschel just chugged into the line and disappeared into a heap."

There were easy outs, of course. Walker had played in Class A, consisting of the smallest schools in the state. The Georgia varsity was angered by his delay in signing and was ready, gunning to nail him. Defensive Lineman Eddie (Meat Cleaver) Weaver: "I just stuck him a couple of serious shots. No whoop-de-do. The man just went down."

As is his wont, Dooley issued daily pessimism pills to any fans who might inquire. The general feeling was that Walker wasn't ready. Privately, Dooley told a friend, "I'm afraid Herschel is just a big, stiff back."

Later, with the full spotlight of the freshman's astonishing season blazing away, an opposing theory gained momentum. It was simply that Walker, the sensitive soul, the pragmatist, the babe from the backwoods who knew the best road, was playing possum. He was never a practice player anyway, remember. "I play as well as I want to," he said once, slipping. Could it be that this phenomenon was so good he could deliberately set out to pace himself, to gradually fit into the team picture, to be unspectacular, to drink no wine before its time?

Dooley says it took Walker seven

games to become a seasoned, intelligent runner, to "escape the sandlot." Did Walker actually conceal his skills, refusing to impose his stardom on his elders until it was absolutely necessary? Could he get away with all that and then just, just happen? "It's like fishing, I guess," the youngster would say in explanation of his gift many weeks after the fact. "You drop the hook in the water and when you see it bob you pull it out."

What happened that first time, that cloudy night of Sept. 6 in Knoxville, Tenn. and, indeed, what happened on all the rest of Georgia's fairy-tale Saturdays, furnished no more logical explanation. Walker didn't enter the Tennessee game until the second quarter. He didn't gain his 25th yard until his 11th carry. Then in a span of a little more than seven minutes in the middle of the second half—with the Dogs whimpering and seemingly long gone—Walker took command, carried the ball on eight of 12 plays, gained 53 of Georgia's 91 yards and

continued

COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

scored two touchdowns to rally the Dogs from a 15-2 deficit to a 16-15 victory.

The first touchdown run was instantly burned into the souls of Dog fans forever because during the few seconds it took Walker to slant right, cut back and explode 16 yards up the middle, they could see the future—and the future had WALKER MY DOG plastered on bumpers all over the state. As his family, gathered on the front porch in Wrightsville, listened to the car radio, screaming "Do it, Bo! Do it, Bo!" Walker beat six different Tennessee defenders, most notably Safety Bill Bates, who met him helmet-on and was toppled head-over-fanny backward as easily as if he were an inflatable rubber toy with sand in the base. While Bates was left to wonder if anybody caught the license number, Walker split two more Vol defenders at the goal line and went in standing up.

Dooley would later describe the play as "fantastic, electric. All of a sudden, you just knew..." Center Joe Happe says, "It was stunning. The effect that single run had on our team, I just can't explain it. All of us, we went crazy and played over our heads the rest of the game. [The rest of the season?] There was no way we would lose. Everybody was so psyched."

Everybody but one. For a brief moment after the run, and just before he was pummeled by Offensive Tackle Nat Hudson and then engulfed by what looked like an entire republic in red, all of them hugging and waving and jumping up and down, he was alone there in the end zone. Just Herschel Walker and history.

Ninety-five thousand fans, the largest crowd ever to see a football game in the South, were on their feet not knowing whether to laugh or cry at what they had just witnessed but knowing it was something very special. Walker himself slowly turned around to face the oncoming hordes. He held out both his hands, palms up, for the routine congratulatory hand-slap. At this transcendent moment, it was obvious that Herschel Walker had been there, somewhere, before. Ring, ring, goes the bell.

There would be other glorious Herschel Walker journeys encompassed in Georgia's perfect 12-0 season. The very next week the Dublin *Courier Herald* greeted Walker's first home game at Athens with this stentorian headline: DEBUT!



The Wrightsville Walkers: (From left) Lorenzo, Will, nephew Shawn, Christine, Carol and Veronica.

HERSCHEL BETWEEN THE HEDGES! The newspaper suggested to its readers: "You might want to stash this away somewhere to show your grandchildren one day." Walker ran for 145 yards and three TDs against Texas A&M.

Every week a new wrinkle. For power aficionados there was Walker's 60-yard ramble against Vanderbilt following a play in which he was penalized for a late block. So he got mad and took off, looking for people to blast until he finally, mercifully, found pay dirt. For speed freaks, there was the 76-yard scamper against South Carolina in which three Gamecock defenders had the easy angle to spear Walker over the sideline and into Athens' famous greenery.

The trio came up empty. For record keepers, there was the 65-yarder late in the game with Georgia Tech that broke Tony Dorsett's total yardage mark for freshmen.

Running backs are forever being compared to each other. Payton to Simpson to Sayers. Campbell to Brown to Motley. In reality such an exercise is futile because, like concert pianists, each RB has some distinct characteristic with which he delivers the goods. After one has rounded up clichés like inner drive and concentration and competitiveness, there is simply this about Walker—probably no runner has ever been so powerful and so fast concurrently.

Dooley, speaking in Early Colonial coachese, mentions Walker's feet. How "close together" and "close to the ground" they are. How he has "the nice base" and "the good plant and spurt." How he "slides" so well. Dooley says Walker's improvement graph in practices and games was a vast upward slope. "Herschel kept getting better and better. He just never leveled off." Georgia Offensive Coordinator George Haffner speaks of Walker's "happiness," his "zest and enjoyment for running." Haffner says it always looked like Herschel was saying, "Here I come, boys. I'm a competitor and you've got your hands full now."

The same qua non for all running backs

Ford dealer Newsome wanted Walker to sell insurance





Walker, a pool player of no small ability, cues up for a game with LaTrelle, Chris and Earl Troup.

is their ability at that moment when the hole closes. Do they whirl, shift direction, lower the helmet? Spin off? Slow up? Power move? What Walker seems to do better than anyone before is to accelerate right then and there and whip into a gear unbeknownst to mere football players. Remember, we are talking about an Olympic gold medal aspirant who has run the 60-yard dash in 6.24 and a wind-aided 10.22 100 meters. We're talking quick. "Herschel won't impress you with his slick moves or feints," says Cavan. "But don't let him get even with you on the field or the points start clicking on the scoreboard."

Spec Townes, the former Georgia

track coach who won the gold medal in the 110-meter hurdles in the 1936 Olympics, likens Walker's gliding motion in the open field to that of an old team-mate, Jesse Owens.

Walker closed out the 1980 regular season by rushing for more than 200 yards in three of his last four games. Some of his other numbers were equally staggering. Thirty-five of his 274 carries were for 10 yards or more. Seven of his 15 touchdown runs were for 48 yards or longer. His many records were achieved despite injuries that caused him to miss more than 10 full quarters. He was the first freshman to make the consensus All-America team in this century.

What may be more significant about Walker's extraordinary first year was the effect he had on 99 others, namely the members of the Georgia team whom he turned from a 6-5 crew of stumblebumps into national champions partly by showing them how to hang on to his considerable bootstraps. With Walker on their side the Dogs knew they always had a chance against anybody. "I've thought about it a lot," says Happe, "and I guess what Herschel gave us was a sense of image for ourselves. He hardly talked on the field, but his own discipline seemed to diffuse our rambunctiousness. He set a standard of excellence, to try hard all the time, and damn if anybody was going to let up.

You knew if you did your job, Herschel would work it out and we'd win. It sounds corny, but I get excited just thinking about him."

Possibly nothing like what happened to Georgia had taken place in college sports since the present junior Senator from New Jersey singlehandedly carried a ragtag Princeton basketball team to the NCAA final four in 1965. But Bill Bradley was a senior then. And Bradley failed.

At New Orleans, going for the brass ring against the mighty Fighting Irish, the Georgia offense came up empty; Quarterback Buck Belue missed on his first 12 passes, and the Dogs' team yardage—excepting the tailback—amounted to minus 23 yards. On his second carry Walker's left shoulder "subluxated" after a chilling hit from Notre Dame's Bob Crable, and he had to leave the game. Georgia trainer Warren Morris said it was the kind of injury that normally knocks a player out for three weeks. On Georgia's next possession Walker went back in. A major part of the Dogs' game plan was to throw screen passes to Walker to counter the Irish rush. No runner had gained 100 yards on Notre Dame all season. But now Walker was ordered not to try to catch a pass, not to stiff-arm and to hold the ball only with his right hand.

Subsequently, half crippled, Walker ran for 150 yards, scored two touchdowns and led Georgia to a 17-10 victory and its first national championship.

Someday I reckon they will know I'm not only here for the show

Now that there has been time to reflect, is it possible that Walker had the most dramatic, successful, heroic year any college athlete ever had? Now that he is a wizened sophomore on the verge of another chapter in this remarkable saga, is it possible that Walker will have three more years like it? Moreover, now that this quiet colossus of a young man has put himself in position to take on the Russians on the cinders, the NFL in the courts and who knows what-all in the adult garden of verses and politics, is it really possible that Herschel Walker will never get tired because his life is too filled with wonders to risk missing any of them?

Yes sir. Immortality ain't heavy.

CONTINUED



in the off-season, but Herschel had second thoughts

THE TOP 20

by Mike Del Negro, Douglas S. Looney,
Jack McCallum, Bruce Newman and
John Papanak

1. MICHIGAN

Bo Schembechler meant it when he told Anthony Carter he'd get the ball to him.

There was a time when Anthony Carter was a quiet youngster from Riviera Beach, Fla. He was kind of shy, small, bordering on delicate—5' 11", 161 pounds—but he could cover 40 yards in 4.4 seconds with sand in his shoes and snag flying footballs out of the air; he scored 54 touchdowns in his high school career. Of course, all the Florida schools wanted him. But Carter? He wanted to get out of the state. Where to? Certainly to a school that lived by the forward pass. So he narrowed his choices to—get this—Texas or Michigan, as in Wishbone or Ramrod, and chose Michigan. Which is roughly akin to a flashy skater taking a

hockey scholarship to the University of Florida. Why'd he do it? "Michigan meant success to me," says Carter, who traces his athletic roots back to the Tate Recreation Center in Riviera Beach. "They had those 105,000 fans every Saturday. And the coach told me that with my talent there was no way he wouldn't get the ball to me."

Carter didn't know it then, but Coach Bo Schembechler had made promises before. "We'll throw," Bo would tell the hotshot high school quarterback to keep him from going to Notre Dame. But come September, Bo would hand out the playbooks and there would be page-after-page-after-page of running plays. Of course, Bo's bettering-ram offense was successful in the Big Ten (Michigan was 69-8-1 with eight championships in Bo's first 10 years), but at bowl time the bad joke was always on Michigan: 0-6. But all that was B.C. Before Carter.

Last year Michigan ended its bowl jinx by beating Washington 23-6. That Wolverine squad listed just eight seniors

among its 44 top players. After losing two of its first three games in 1980—to Notre Dame and South Carolina, by a total of five points—Michigan regrouped to win eight straight, get Schembechler his ninth Big Ten title (second outright) and finish No. 4 in the polls.

As for Schembechler's promises, Carter says, "Coach Bo didn't lie to me." No, indeed. Bo is a pass fancier now—well, sort of. Michigan plays wide open against the passies, but in the Big Ones, Bo still has a tendency toward overcaution. But even that could change. While becoming the first Michigan sophomore to make All-America since Bennie Oosterbaan in 1925, Carter caught 51 passes for a school-record 14 touchdowns, returned punts and kickoffs and averaged nearly 17 yards every time he touched the ball. The often curmudgeonly Schembechler calls Carter "the most gifted athlete I've ever been around." The gifted Carter says, "That's what he told me when he recruited me."

With Carter and 16 other starters returning, Michigan is clearly No. 1. Two of the four losses from the offense are at center and guard; important positions, yes, but the newcomers will be cushioned nicely by the tackle tandem of William (Bubba) Paris (6' 7", 270) and Ed Muransky (6' 7", 275), and Guard Kurt Becker (6' 6", 260), who might be the best in the country at his position. The backfield features a trio that rushed for more than 2,700 yards, including Rose Bowl MVP Butch Woolfolk, Stan Edwards and Larry Ricks. Ordinarily there would be a lot of attention paid to the quarterback position, vacated by John Wampler, but the situation at Ann Arbor is such that there seems not to be much concern. Junior Rich Hewlett started last season before Wampler took over, and there is also sophomore Steve Smith, a former prep All-American.

The defense? Little worry here. Seven of 11 starters and a total of 20 lettermen are back from a unit that gave up just nine points in the last five games—including a secondary that allowed three touchdown passes all season. Nor do there appear to be any insuperable hurdles in the Wolverines' schedule, which includes one more Big Ten patsy than usual this year. The big dates are Sept. 19, when Notre Dame comes to Ann Arbor, and Nov. 21, when Ohio State takes the field. After that it should be the Rose Bowl, where Michigan has that phenomenal one-game winning streak. "Basically, we want back-to-back Rose Bowls," says Carter. That might be expecting a lot from Schembechler, but then again, Carter seems to get what he wants.

2. TEXAS

In four seasons at Texas, Coach Fred Akers has won one Southwest Conference championship, three games against hated Oklahoma and four bowl bids. Where did that get him? Well, when Texas won only seven games and lost five last year, Akers received so much abuse that his job may be on the line. One reason for all the frustration was that at mid-season the 'Horns looked all but bulletproof. They were 5-0, ranked No. 2 in the polls and had already defeated Oklahoma and SWC archrival Arkansas. Then, almost every-



Legal gofer Rick McIvor's wish is a step up to No. 1.

body got hurt. Star Halfback A.J. Jones suffered a neck injury, his running mate, Rodney Tate, injured his hand and Quarterback Donnie Little wrecked his right knee. In all, injuries cost Texas 14 starters or regulars for at least one game. No winning college team was banged up as badly as Texas. So many Longhorns were greenhorns that Texas drew 96 penalties for 1,037 yards—alltime conference highs.

But watch out. The infirmary is unoccupied—for now—and healthy again—for now—are 17

1980 starters, plus 21 other lettermen. And that's not counting Defensive Back Vance Bedford, a starter in 1979 who sat out all of last season with a knee injury, or Receiver Brent Duhon and Quarterback Todd Dodge, high school All-Americans last fall. With all that talent, Akers is sittin' pretty.

Experience is deepest where it matters most—on the offensive line. Guard Joe Shearin, Center Mike Baab and All-America Tackle Terry Tausch are seniors now and have been first-stringers since the day they arrived in Austin. Same for 6' 6" Tight End Lawrence Sampleton, the No. 2 receiver in 1980.

Back, too, is Jones, the Longhorns' top ground-gainer in 1980 with 657 yards in 146 carries—in only seven games. Trying to stay sound, Jones hit the weights in the off-season—hard. "I want to get my upper body strong," he says. "Then I know I'll have a good year," good meaning "1,000 yards rushing and no visits to the trainer."

Little, the mad scrambler and No. 1 signal-caller for most of 1979 and 1980, no longer is the Texas quarterback; in January, he persuaded Akers to shift him to wide receiver because he figures that's where the pros will want him to play. In his stead, the starter will be aspiring lawyer Rick McIvor who connected on 69 of his 154 passes (44.2%) in spot duty the past two seasons. Slower afoot than Little, McIvor has an amazing arm; in high school he once cut loose with a 90-yarder. Texas publicist Jones Ramsey is so wild about McIvor's arm that he can't even contain himself when talking with Akers.

"Fred, I've seen him wing the ball 88 yards on a fly," Ramsey recently reported.

"We don't have an 88-yard play," said Akers.

"Let's put one in," said Ramsey.

Crippled as it was, the Longhorn defense was No. 2 in the SWC, behind Baylor's. Once again it will be led by All-America Tackle Kenneth Sims, who in 1980 made 100 un-

assisted tackles, had 13 quarterback sacks, caused five fumbles and recovered four. Behind him will be the linebacking firm of Scholtz & Shankle (Bruce and Doug), and in the backfield will be all-SWC Mike Hatchett, among others. Last fall Hatchett knocked down a Longhorns-high 18 enemy passes and intercepted five others. There may be more promising defenses, but not in the SWC.

Akers' main concern, he says, is depth at defensive tackle. But Sims is a DT, and Mark Weber, John Haines and Donald Sirles have been waiting for their time to come. Besides, about 138 other major-college coaches would be thrilled to have depth at defensive tackle as a main concern.

Akers' real main concern is keeping his job. If the Longhorns stay healthy, it's a lock.

3. USC



Hard-hatted Marcus Allen steered himself for a Heisman campaign.

Marcus Allen was telling a story recently about how he had been cut up in a knife fight in high school in San Diego, and how a gang called the Neighborhood backed off. The fact that Allen Sr. drove up in his truck with two shotguns in the back may have hastened the Neighborhood's departure. M.A. lies on the floor, spent from laughing. He says he learned one thing from this episode—it's weapons, not numbers, that count. At the University of Southern California, they are a few guys short this fall—quarterback is shaky, ditto fullback and the secondary—but the Trojans have several big, big weapons. The main one, of course, is Tailback Marcus Allen, a potential Heisman winner.

At the mere mention of the Heisman, M.A. is back on the floor, rolling around in laughter. "Say what?" he chortles. "The Heisman. Come on."

But seriously, M.A.?

"Well, in America anything is possible."

And there is no place in America where more seems possible than at USC, which has produced three Heisman-winning tailbacks in the past 15 years, Mike Garrett, O.J. Simpson and Charles White. In fact, USC may well have another powerhouse after a dismal, awful, stinking,

continued

inept year in which the Trojans were "only" 8-2-1. USC is out of the Pac-10 doghouse this year (five conference teams were put on probation for one year and were ineligible for the Rose Bowl), and probably can plan on spending New Year's Day in Pasadena once again.

M.A. was No. 2 in the nation in rushing last fall, following Heisman winner George Rogers, and he takes all the junk about the tradition of the USC tailback seriously. "The people before me—Charlie White, Anthony Davis, Mike Garrett, O.J.—were gifted athletes. They all had great natural ability, then they worked to excel. So I sure don't want to be the tailback that fails. What if people started saying, 'The tradition of great tailbacks at USC ended with Charlie White; that Marcus Allen was awful!'"

Small chance. M.A. likely will become USC's second all-time career rusher, behind White. Last year he rushed for 1,563 yards and 14 touchdowns, led the team in pass receptions (30), was two for two as a passer and missed one game because of an eye injury (at which point no one would have been surprised to find him ushering in Section 26). Coach John Robinson says, "He's one of those guys you could hand a golf club for the first time, and he'd hit the ball right down the middle. Then he'd go help you find your ball."

Allen aside, USC suffered at quarterback last year, and this year's top candidate is a lefthanded sophomore, John Mazur, who has never taken a game snap. He's smart, but as Robinson says, "Being smart is no good if you can't throw the football." In practice, Mazur looks like a thrower. On defense, the anchor is 6' 5", 230-pound Linebacker Chip Banks, who might be the best defender in the land. He had 107 tackles in 1980, including 15 for losses, and 10 deflected passes.

For his part, Allen is still laughing and rolling on the floor and not at all concerned about the strain of carrying the ball as many as 40 times a game. "When you're excited, you're never tired," he says, "...and I'm excited."

4. OKLAHOMA

When Oklahoma Running Back Buster Rhymes (rhymes with rhymes) was 16 and growing up in a rugged area of Miami he was shot in the back—by his father. "It was O.K.," Buster says. "It was an accident." There was no argument on that score. Dad, George Rhymes IV, had the .22 caliber pistol out, the safety wasn't on, and the gun just sort of went off. "It paralyzed my left side for about an hour and a half," says Buster. "At first I thought my back was on fire, then I thought I had a knife in it. Now we all laugh about it. You'd really have to do something terrible to make me mad at my dad."

These days, Buster is getting ready to do terrible things to Sooner rivals. As a freshman in 1980, he set the alltime Oklahoma record for a first-year man by rushing for 659 yards (only 19 yards less than the team leader, David Overstreet) and also scoring 10 touchdowns. Already there is talk that Buster just might make Sooner fans forget about Billy Sims. When Rhymes arrived in Norman to the



Buster Rhymes has a handle on the bags, also the pigskin.

sound of that old tune *Much Hoopia*, he says that fans repeatedly came up to him and said, "We hope you don't fumble like all the other guys we've had."

Fumbling has been the bugaboo of the Sooners' wishbone. By its very nature, the attack creates fumble possibilities with its last-second decisions under very trying circumstances. In 1979 Oklahoma lost a school-record 36 fumbles; last year only 26. But in his 86 carries in 1980, Buster fumbled nary a time.

The quarterback in the Sooners' system must be sure-handed, to say the least. There will be a new wishbone operator this year, probably junior Kelly Phelps. He runs well, throws not so well. But Phelps was redshirted last season and still has a lot to learn. For example, he admitted last spring that "they'd call a play and I'd have to stop and think, 'That goes to the left, doesn't it?'" But he will be helped greatly—as will Rhymes and Fullback Stanley Wilson—by an outstanding offensive line bulwarked by guards Terry Crouch and Don Key. On defense, the Sooners are super as always, with the only caveat a somewhat inexperienced secondary. But junior Cornerback Darrell Songy (32 tackles last year) should help keep things together.

Coach Barry Switzer complained bitterly about poor play in spring practice—"the worst spring we've had since I've been here"—and the final insult came when the alumni beat the varsity, 39-36. But, like so much at Oklahoma, it wasn't all that serious. On the opening kickoff one former Sooner (Terry Peters) rushed onto the field from the bench—where he belonged—and tackled a freshman, Ricki Byars, who was touchdown bound.

One thing that may make life easier for Switzer this year is the overall weakness of the Big Eight, which really is only the Big Two—Oklahoma and Nebraska. The key games in the pollsters' minds will be at USC on Sept. 26 and Texas (at Dallas) on Oct. 10. Still, Sooner coaches are trying to dampen excessive enthusiasm, which is why Assistant Head Coach Merv Johnson deadpans, "Buster had a pretty good year for a freshman, but he is by no means a complete back. He does, however, understand what it takes to play."

He also understands what it takes to make money over the summer. He worked as a porter on Miami's Pier One and knew when to throw a fake on the docks, too. While carrying bags for some Florida State fans (Oklahoma beat the Seminoles 18-17 in the Orange Bowl last January)

"all they could talk about was how much they hated Oklahoma," he says. "Finally, one of them looked at me and asked me where I was from. I just told them Miami." Good for a \$10 tip.

5. NOTRE DAME



Bob Crable lays roadway, as well as waste to ballcarriers.

Everyone knows that Notre Dame football players are different. They are well-rounded, clean-cut, God-fearing and generally indistinguishable from the rest of the student body, except that they tend to be 6' 7" and appear to have misplaced their necks. Take senior All-America Linebacker Bob Crable, for instance. Here's an easy-going sort, a marketing major with a 2.6 GPA, who married his high school sweetheart this past summer. He also

worked on a construction crew. "Shoveling was my specialty this year," he says. Big deal. Lots of college kids work construction. But not too many "come home and lift three times a week," as Crable did.

All right, so maybe Crable isn't exactly like everyone else. His teammates noticed that a couple of years ago when he tacked a picture of USC Tailback Charles White on the wall and punched it each time he entered his room. When Crable is asked for a role model, he says, "Hey, anyone who can really stick a guy on a tackle. I enjoy watching that... but I enjoy doing it more."

Crable has put plenty of good hits on people since his days at Cincinnati's Moeller High, whose teams went 36-0 during his four years there. "I guess it was the tradition and mystique of Notre Dame football that got me here," he says. Except that Notre Dame's record the past three years hasn't quite been up to Moeller's standard. Last season's 9-2-1, with losses to USC and Georgia in the Sugar Bowl, was the best the Irish have had since Crable came to South Bend. Ah, but we have yet another Moeller alumnus (there are nine such on the team) at South Bend this year, and 46-year-old rookie Coach Gerry Faust doesn't intend to see his .907 winning percentage drop so much as a point.

Faust, who seems to get in about 27 hours of work each day, inherits a strong squad from retired Dan Devine, and repaid what is conceded to be the nation's strongest crop of freshman recruits, including two ex-Moeller players, Fullback Mark Brooks and Linebacker Mike Larkin. Moreover,

last year's starting backfield of Tailback Phil Carter, Fullback John Sweeney and Quarterback Blair Kiel returns, while Tim Koegel, the backup QB in 1979, is healthy after missing last season with injuries. In what Faust considers his key move, he has switched Tony Hunter from split end to wingback, in order to get the ball to him more frequently (an anticipated 15 to 20 times a game).

Eight starters return on the defense, a unit that ranked fourth in total defense last season. The secondary, consisting of John Krimm, Dave Duerson, Rod Boone and Stacey Toran, could well be the best in the country.

As usual, Notre Dame has a killer schedule, opening at home with LSU, then traveling to Michigan; Florida State and USC visit South Bend back-to-back, and the Irish finish with road games at Penn State and Miami (Fla.). Studying the schedule, Faust says, "I hope my lifelong dream doesn't end in a nightmare."

6. PENN STATE

One afternoon this summer Larry Kubin, Penn State's outstanding defensive end and a gourmet cook, put together a spaghetti sauce recipe for his wife and mother-in-law. A month later Kubin cooked up another surprise. He changed his mind about playing for Joe Paterno this season and signed a contract with the Washington Redskins, who had drafted him in the sixth round before his eligibility status—in question because of a knee injury early in the 1980 season—had been decided by the NCAA.

Kubin's defection was a blow to the Nittany Lion defense, but Paterno is working on a new recipe of his own. One of the key ingredients is a little unfamiliar to him. Something exotic called foot speed. Yes, Penn State, the home of the bullying linebacker, the hulking lineman and the power back, will have its own track team this fall with 10 players who run the 40 in 4.5 or less and eight at 4.6 flat. Even Paterno, who rarely talks in absolutes, even at gunpoint, says, "There is no question it's the fastest team I've ever coached."

And here's another absolute from Paterno, *in re* his team's schedule: "On paper, it's the toughest we've ever faced, maybe the toughest anyone ever faced." How tough? Try Nebraska, Miami and Pitt on the road and back-to-back home games with Alabama and Notre Dame. Still, optimism abounds in the Nittany Valley. "I believe we're looking down the barrel of a national championship," says All-America guard Sean Farrell. Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill concurs. "Penn State," he says, "is going to get my vote as the No. 1 team in the preseason poll." "Tell Jackie I appreciate that," says Paterno with a smile, "but there's always somebody, and not necessarily the Alabama or the Nebraskas, who can come out of the woodwork and beat you."

For that to happen, someone is going to have to come out of the woodwork and stop junior Tailback Curt Warner, Paterno's No. 1 track man. A 9.5 100-yard-dash man in high school, Warner rushed for 922 yards and returned two kickoffs for touchdowns last season. "People say I'm

continued

like O.J. Simpson," says Warner. "But I enjoy smashing into people." That might make Paterno cringe, but if something happens to Warner, he can call on sophomore Jonathan Williams, who has 4.46 speed. And both Warner and Williams will be pushed by senior Joel Coles, who can't match their speed but is talented enough to have averaged 5.4 yards per carry a year ago.

Paterno's major offensive problem, in fact, may well be figuring how to work Warner-Williams-Coles combinations into the lineup while preserving his basic I formation offense, which has senior Mike Meade (himself a high school sprinter) at blocking back. "We don't have to play with a full-back and a tailback, I guess," says Paterno. "We're going to fool around with different sets and things like that."

Whoever is at tailback will benefit from one of State's strongest offensive lines ever. The anchor is Outland Trophy candidate Farrell, who bench-presses 520 pounds. "Sean is so good," says Warner, a graduate of the O.J. Simpson School of Self-Preservation Psychology, "that I'm honored to play on the same team as him."

All this seems to add up to run, run, run, but the Lions should pass more effectively than last year, too, when they completed only 46.2% for an average of just 121.1 yards per game. Sophomore Todd Blackledge, who became the starting quarterback four games into his freshman season, hopes to throw "at least 20 to 25 times a game."

The top receiver will probably be sophomore Flanker Kenny Jackson, who defeated Jonathan Williams in the dashes when they were scholastic track rivals in New Jersey. Though Paterno kept his usual short freshman leash on Jackson last year, he still led the team in receptions with 21 and his five TD catches were one short of a State record.

Paterno now has a need to find depth on the defensive



Forearmed is forewarned with Sean Farrell, a bouncer everywhere.

line, with Walker Lee Ashley, Ken Kelley or Villanova-transfer Al Harris slated to replace Kubin. But his secondary is solid. Of 41 Penn State grads playing pro ball, none is a defensive back, but seniors Paul Lankford and Giuseppe Harris (brother of Franco and Pete, also State grads) may change that come 1982. The linebacking is, as always for Penn State, solid and deep with Chet Parlavecchio, Ed Pryts and

Matt Bradley, who plays the outside linebacker-strong safety position known as the "hero." The term has been around Penn State for 20 years because then-coach Rip Engle didn't like the word "monster." "We had to sit around one day thinking up 'nice' names," recalls Paterno, then an Engle assistant. Now Paterno is facing a monster schedule but may have assembled a team that will make him a hero.

7. NEBRASKA

"What you have to understand about last season," says Nebraska's Roger Craig as he sprawls sideways on a bed on a steamy Lincoln evening, "is that I didn't consider myself third-string I back." Nor, the evidence will show, did he play like one. Craig rushed for 769 yards, second-best for the Cornhuskers, and his 15 touchdowns made him the No. 2 scorer in the Big Eight and tied him for sixth nationally with a guy named Herschel Walker. But he was third-string I back.

Now, Jarvis Redwine and Craig Johnson, who played ahead of him, are gone, and Craig is first-string I back. If he plays like one, and if Nebraska beats Oklahoma—something the Huskers have done only once in the last nine tries—a national championship isn't a pipe dream.

"Our tradition is to do well every year," says Craig, whose brother Curtis was wingback for the Huskers in 1975, '76 and '77. "The offense is built around the I back. It's up to the I back to get the job done." That's bad news for Husker opponents because, unlike Nebraska I backs of recent vintage, including All-America Redwine and M. Hipp, both of whom preferred to run outside whenever possible—and sometimes when it clearly wasn't—Craig relishes taking the ball inside and addressing himself to ill-humored defensive linemen and linebackers on their own turf. "I just like to run over people," says Craig, a junior from Davenport, Iowa.

Craig blames himself for a late-game fumble at the two-yard line against Florida State last year, a game Nebraska lost 18-14. "If I had shifted the ball from my left hand to my right, I wouldn't have fumbled. I would have scored and we would have won," he says. That mistake haunts Craig (the loss ruined Nebraska's national championship hopes; their record was 10-2), and while he was working in a meat-packing plant in Lincoln this summer, he had lots of time to think about it.

Most Nebraskans have forgiven and forgotten that transgression, and the focus is on 1981. Linebacker Coach John Melton looks as if he swallowed a canary when he concedes. "Our first 11 defensive players are going to be as good a unit as we've ever had." Six were starters in 1980, which may be why Coach Tom Osborne didn't bother to name a defensive coordinator when Lance Van Zandt left to join the New Orleans Saints. Hey, Tom, are you saying that they are so good that the best coaching may be no coaching? The only if is at defensive end, where three of last year's top four are gone, but the best—Jimmy Williams, who led the 1980 team in tackles with 66—returns. Maybe Osborne is right in leaving well enough alone.

continued



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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN





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With Roger Craig (striped shirt), Nebraska has a great deal going for it.

So the defense—third-best in the nation a year ago, allowing only 209.1 yards per game—gets the Huskers into the Top Ten. But can the offense bump them all the way to No. 1? Like so many major powers, Nebraska has quarterback troubles—maybe. Mark Mauer, a senior from St. Paul, Minn., reads defenses well, and likely will start. But Mauer has never taken a snap that meant much to the outcome of a game (he threw 11 passes in 1980, five complete), and admits, "It will really be different than getting into a game when it's 30-6. That's the kind of experience I've had. I want to know what I can do when it's 0-0, or

if we're down by a touchdown." Behind Mauer is hotshot sophomore Turner Gill, who could make Mauer the mop-up man again. Or, in typical Osborne style, the Cornhuskers may go again with two quarterbacks and give second-guessers in the stands something to gripe about.

The Huskers could use a fullback along the lines of the departed Andra Franklin, who carried for 678 yards and, more important, blocked with vengeance for Redwine, Hipp and, oh yes, the kid on the third string, Running Back Couch Mike Corgan talks up senior Phil Bates as Franklin's heir apparent.

Craig's dreaming now as he stares at the ceiling: "Isn't it fun when the season rolls around? Big crowds give me chills." If Nebraska can get by Florida State and Penn State, and then ice Oklahoma, you can bet things will stay hot in Lincoln until New Year's Day.

8. ALABAMA

"Bama's Great Bear will try Coley and Lewis on for size.

For 23 seasons Coach Paul Bryant has been the Bear in the air at Alabama football practices, directing the daily ebb and flow of the Crimson Tide from atop a 30-foot tower overlooking the team's practice field. From this distant remove, the Bear has cultivated an aura of flinty



omniscience, not to mention a career record of 306-79-16. But last spring Bryant became so irritated at the Tide's often indifferent play that he came down from his tower and personally conducted a workout, just as he did in the old days. If the session proved little else, it showed that the Bear believes "Bama has the talent to do a lot of things well, if not necessarily the will." "These kids have got to learn what it takes to be champions," says the 67-year-old Bryant. "If they don't realize that, we'll be embarrassed."

The only people likely to be embarrassed this year are Alabama's opponents. They have the unhappy task of facing a Tide squad that not only figures to be an improvement on last year's 10-2 Cotton Bowl champions, but also is loaded for Bear. Bryant is just nine victories short of breaking Amos Alonzo Stagg's mark of 314 career wins, the most in the history of the game. This year's squad would no doubt like to be the one to give Bryant the record, but the coach is soft-pedaling the subject. "I don't want our players trying to win games for me," he says. "I want us to get a positive attitude about football around here again."

The other side of that is, there's also no guarantee that "Bama won't go undefeated. The big question is whether the Tide can generate enough offense to contend for a national championship. The backfield is full of speed, with Ken Simon, Jeff Fagan, Joe Carter and Linnie Patrick. The difficulty may be with the offensive line and at quarterback. In a spring scrimmage, the offense had the ball 17 times inside the 30-yard line and didn't score a TD. In the Tide's only losses last season—6-3 to Mississippi State and 7-0 to Notre Dame—it was the offense that faded, largely because there was no passing attack. This spring Bryant had his offense throwing more—often from unusual formations—and though the Tide will generally stick with its wishbone, there'll be some footballs in the Tuscaloosa air.

Whether those passes will be successful depends largely on the performance of junior Quarterback Ken Coley, who excited Alabama fans with his daring running as a substitute last season. When he finally got a chance to start against LSU, Coley led "Bama to a touchdown on its first possession. But, on the Tide's second possession, he strained the motor nerve in his right hand and didn't play again all season. His fingers were paralyzed until February, when one day he awoke and found that mobility had returned. Sharing signal-calling duty with Coley will be sophomore Walter Lewis.

If Bryant can find replacements for ends E.J. Junior and Gary DeNiro and Linebacker Randy Scott, the defense might be even better than last year's, which at peak efficiency allowed only 25 points in eight games. The defense is anchored around senior Nose Guard Warren Lyles. Lyles grew up street-tough in Birmingham—"I had my first drink of wine at the age of five," he says, "then left it forever"—and decided he wanted to play for Alabama after Notre Dame defeated the Tide in the 1973 Sugar Bowl.

Alabama travels to three of its first four games, but among those only the opener at LSU threatens to be a struggle. Thereafter, there is a soft touch before every strong opponent, and Bryant has even scheduled open dates before Alabama's games with Penn State and Auburn. If all goes well and the Tide is undefeated when it faces Mississippi

continued



Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

State on Oct. 31 in Tuscaloosa, Bryant will be going for career-win No. 315. "I don't know how long I'll keep going," Bryant says. "There might not be much of me left." Whatever, it should be more than enough.

9. UCLA



Tim Wrightman stalks a Bloody Mary the same way he stalks a pass.

In a Westwood restaurant not long ago, UCLA junior Wide Receiver Cormac Carney—who last season led the Bruins in receptions with 33—was talking about the alleged pressures of his position. "So what if I fumble or drop a pass? Who'll remember in 20 years? I'd never shed a tear over losing, but I would if I knew I didn't try as hard as I could."

That spirit is omnipresent at UCLA, where everybody tries, where talent is deep and where patience runs deeper. Like when Homer Smith, the offensive coordinator, was disgraming on a chalkboard a play called "Pass 1-2 Pass." He asked a sleepy-eyed athlete if the play was a pass or a run. "Run," came the answer. Smith, a former West Point head coach who later studied at Harvard Divinity School, stayed calm. "That's pretty good," he said, "but let's back up just a little bit. What color is a brown dog?"

In charge of setting this tone is Terry Donahue, now in his sixth year as head coach. Donahue once planned to have Sunday practices, but his players politely suggested they'd rather not. Seeing nothing wrong about listening to players, Donahue backed off. Another example of Donahue's wisdom is the way he combats his conservative image: he uses his offensive weapons recklessly. "I bet I've run the fake punt more than any coach in America," he says.

UCLA had a surprising 9-2 season in 1980, and thanks to a powder-puff non-conference schedule of Colorado, Wisconsin and Iowa, the Bruins could be 9-2 again even with a weaker team. First, though, Donahue must develop an offensive line. Gone is hard-running Tailback Freeman McNeil, the No. 1 pick of the Jets; his spot probably will be taken by Kevin Nelson, but there is concern whether the 5' 11", 190-pound sophomore can stand up to the punish-

ment an I back endures. At quarterback again will be junior Tom Ramsey, who was gangbusters early last year when in a four-game stretch he completed 42 of 69 passes. "I'm not the best passer and I'm not the best runner," he concedes, "but I'm pretty consistent."

Ramsey has a fine corps of receivers, particularly Carney and senior Tight End Tim Wrightman; last year Wrightman weighed 232 and ran the 40 in 5.1, but after a summer bartending at Trum's, a sports hangout in San Pedro, he's 237 and does a 4.9. Wrightman likely will be the first tight end taken in next year's NFL draft. He was heavily recruited in high school, and decided on UCLA after a visit to Notre Dame. He stepped off the plane in South Bend, slipped on the ice, ripped the seat out of his pants—and could hardly wait to get back to his native California.

On defense, the Bruins are big and tough up front—especially 260-pound Tackle Irv Eatman—but have no veteran linebackers. And replacing three-time All-America Kenny Easley at free safety is next to impossible. Preseason choice is Tom Sullivan, who says, "Kenny is bigger, Kenny is faster, Kenny is stronger. Physically, it is not much of a contest." But the defense has plenty of talent, and thanks to the philosophy of Coordinator Jed Hughes—"We turn 'em loose and let 'em play hard"—UCLA won't embarrass itself. The Bruins gave up only 135 points in 1980, the fewest by UCLA since 1969, and Donahue says, "We expect to pick up where we left off."

So do the players. As Carney says, "We're good. Heck, if we don't think we're good, how can we expect others to think we're good?" And they're loose. Witness junior Fullback Frank Bruno, who offers his football philosophy: "When in doubt, sleep."

10. NORTH CAROLINA

Every summer Coach Dick Crum picks up his wife and three sons and heads for the Canadian wilderness. "Nobody can get me up there," he says. "If they need me, they have to send out a Mountie." Once Crum returns to the insanity of Carolina, however, everyone goes after him. "ACC teams seem to play their best against us," says Crum.

In three years at Chapel Hill, Crum has made Carolina not only the team to beat in the ACC but also a factor in the national picture; witness his 24-10-1 record and bowl victories over Michigan (1979 Gator) and Texas (1980 Blue-bonnet). Not bad for a basketball school.

"Ah, that thing about us just being basketball-oriented is kept alive by a few writers," says Crum. Well, Dick, not exactly. "People realize we're coming on, but basketball is still the thing around here," says junior Quarterback Rod Elkins. "At the football games most of the students just get drunk."

Even the most inebriated realize that Carolina has lost two of its greatest players ever—Linebacker Lawrence Taylor, the second pick in the entire draft, by the Giants, and Tailback Famous Amos Lawrence, fourth-round pick of the San Diego Chargers—as well as a defensive tackle, Donnell



Bryant studies up so he can move up from understudy to starter.

Thompson, who went to the Colts in the first round. What's sobering is that Crum isn't worried. He feels he "hasn't lost a thing" at tailback and that linebacking "will be our strongest defensive position." No, that man hasn't been on a binge. While Lawrence captured the headlines, Kelvin Bryant, now a junior, gained 1,039 yards rushing, just 79 fewer than Lawrence ... on 52 fewer carries.

On defense, the Tar Heels have no one with the singular talent of Taylor, but they do have three exceptional linebackers in Calvin Daniels, Darrell Nicholson and Lee Shaffer, all of whom started in '80. Daniels is a fan of Sam Peckinpah movies. When they're not showing, he can satisfy his thirst for violence by watching Nicholson in action. Nicholson led the team in tackles last season with 75 solos and 42 assists. Second was Shaffer, the most underrated of the three linebackers. On the line Crum must replace 12 years of experience, and only junior Jack Parry, a tackle who was backup nose guard last season, has lettered.

On the offensive line, the Tar Heels lost All-America Guard Ron Wooten, a sixth-round pick of the Patriots. Dave Drechsler moves from left tackle to Wooten's left guard position. "We can use Drechsler any place in the offensive line," says Crum. "He can even switch during the game." But depth may be a problem. Drechsler has twice required knee surgery and starting Right Tackle Mike Marr had knee surgery in the spring.

Quarterback Elkins is the Carolina key. As a sophomore he completed 81 of 160 passes for 1,002 yards, tying Jay Venuto of Wake Forest for the ACC passing lead. He doesn't have to run much with Bryant in the backfield, but he can scramble; he was sacked only three times last year. "Rod's a quiet leader who keeps things on an even keel, just like Coach Crum," says Drechsler. "That's how we like to keep it around here."

The Tar Heels were swamped only once last year—they were routed by Oklahoma 41-7 at Norman. But the Sooners are no longer on their schedule; ditto Texas Tech, which Carolina beat 9-3 on the road. The replacements are Miami of Ohio, South Carolina and Boston College, all at home. If the lines hold up, Tar Heel fans can start chilling the celebratory beer right now. They will, anyway.

11. GEORGIA

No conference has ever produced four consecutive national champions, and yet that is precisely what could happen this year should Georgia successfully defend the title it won in 1980, following two years of Alabama rule. Certainly one thing in the Bulldogs' favor is sophomore Running Back Herschel Walker (page 38). Also returning is Buck Belue, the quarterback with the country and western name and the ability to grin and pick apart rival defenses. If Georgia can get by Tennessee in its opener, it should have clear sailing until it bumps into Florida on Nov. 7. At worst, the Bulldogs look like a 9-2 team, and without Alabama or LSU to face, another undefeated season is a good possibility.

What makes that surprising is that 13 starters are gone, and for the first time in 17 years the Dawgs will be without their highly respected assistant head coach and defensive coordinator, Erk Russell, who took the head coaching job at Georgia Southern. It's quite possible the team will miss Russell more than all the other absentees put together, because he was the architect of Georgia's complex "split-60" defense. Certainly this season will be a test of Head Coach Vince Dooley's administrative skills as well as of his coaching ability.

Both of Georgia's starting offensive tackles, the starting right guard and the flanker, Amp Arnold, are gone, but the Bulldogs should still field a better offensive line than last season's. Arnold will be replaced by Lindsey Scott, who split time at split end with junior Chuck Jones. Jones now takes over that position by himself, which means the receiving is in good hands. Left Tackle Jeff Harper graduated, but sophomore Guy McIntyre, a redshirt reported to be better than Harper, will step in. Jimmy (The Mountain) Harper takes over at right tackle. Harper's nickname says it all; he is 6' 5" and a rock-hard 270 pounds.

With Eddie (Meat Cleaver) Weaver anchoring the defensive line, and linebackers Nate Taylor, Will Ferts and Tommy Thurston all back, Georgia's first line of defense is solid. It is in the secondary where the Dawgs are most vulnerable. Two starting cornerbacks, a safety and a roverback have graduated, and though the contenders for those spots are all promising, none can be called experienced.

If Georgia is to have any hope of defending its championship, Walker and Belue will have to be as good as last season, and maybe better. So how 'bout them Dawgs? Not too shabby.

12. PITTSBURGH

One of the few things that remain from the Panthers' 10-1 season in 1980 is the chewing tobacco. "I don't understand it myself but almost the whole team chews that stuff," says Offensive Guard Emil Boures, who doesn't indulge himself. The habit was particularly appropriate last year when the Pittsburgh defense, recognized as one of the finest in history, chewed up offenses and spit them out like so much

continued

used Red Man. That defense gave up just 1.6 yards per rush.

Gone, though, are nine defensive starters, seven of whom were selected in the first five rounds of the pro draft; in addition, four of the six senior offensive starters were picked before the fifth round. The whole package added up to a drafting record unmatched in recent collegiate history.

But hang no black bunting yet. The Panthers have, among other things: 1) an impressive offense led by junior Quarterback Dan Marino; 2) one of the most respected coaches in the country in Jackie Sherrill, who is 39-8-1 in four years at Pitt; and 3) a schedule concocted by a pastry chef. The Panthers play six home games, including the season finale against archrival Penn State, the only legitimate Top Ten team on their agenda. "One thing I do know about this season," said Defensive Coordinator Serafino Fazio, "is that we're competitive with any team on our schedule."

Another thing Fazio knows is the defensive strategy he'll use to compensate for the loss of his entire front five, in-



Dan Marino shows his camp followers that quarterbacking's a snap.

cluding All-University Hugh Green. "What we've done is simply send out an appeal to the offense," says Fazio. And the offense heard it, particularly Marino, a football camp instructor during the summer who has thrown for 25 touchdowns and 3,289 yards in just 11 starts. "This year it's going to be our turn," says Marino. "We're going to stress ball control." That might be a good idea, the Pitt offense having turned the ball over 54 times last season.

Marino will throw mainly to sophomore Dwight Collins, who had a spectacular freshman season with 30 catches for 827 yards (27 average). He'll work behind an outstanding offensive line anchored by Boures, who has been temporarily switched to center, Tackle Jimbo Covert (6' 5", 279) and, possibly, freshman Bill Fralic, a 6' 5", 265-pound tackle considered by many the nation's top recruit.

On defense, only senior Linebacker Sal Sunseri and sophomore Free Safety Tom Flynn return, but they'll try to uphold the honor of Heisman runner-up Hugh Green and Co. "We took Hugh's techniques, the way he fought off blockers and other things, and made our training films from them," says Fazio.

Studying those films have been interior linemen John Hendrick, J.C. Peltus and Phil Pizzozzi. Sherrill may play Fralic at defensive tackle, particularly if Hendrick's knee doesn't respond from a midseason operation. That more than anything else describes the rebuilding job Pitt faces on defense. But don't write off the Panthers. Even with the losses, Sherrill considers the interior defensive line one of his strong points (contingent upon Hendrick's health). "You tend to forget about the other people when you have players like we did in front of them," says Fazio.

Linebacker Sunseri isn't about to forget 1980. "I want my senior year to be every bit as good as Hugh's. How good? Well, 9-2 isn't going to be good enough in my book. Pitt's established as a national contender, and nobody wants that to change." Sunseri emphasized the point by letting fly with a stream of tobacco juice into a wastebasket. His brand is Red Man.

13. FLORIDA

The University of Florida has a well-deserved reputation as one of the nation's leading "party schools," but until a year ago, there wasn't a whole lot to celebrate. The Gator football team hadn't had a winning season in two years, and in 1979, under new Head Coach Charley Pell, Florida had tumbled to 0-10-1. But last year was something to shout about. The 1980 Gators scrambled to an 8-4 record that included a 35-20 victory over Maryland in the Tangerine Bowl, and did it despite having lost their first-string quarterback, Bob Hewko, in the fourth game. Now Hewko is back from knee surgery, but he may not be able to reclaim his job from Wayne Peace. A freshman last year, Peace showed his poise against Kentucky, when, with 34 seconds left (and no timeouts) he completed three straight passes to set up the field goal that gave the Gators a two-point win.

If, as Pell says, the Gators are "a little better" this year than last, he will almost certainly, as they say, give Peace a chance. Peace performed remarkably well for a freshman, throwing for 1,271 yards and five touchdowns. Junior Tyrone Donnie Young is a gifted wide receiver—averaging 19.5 yards per catch last season—and should be the recipient of many of Peace's bombs. (Just doesn't sound right, does it?)

The Gator backfield should be more explosive this season, the second year of Offensive Coordinator Mike Shanahan's reign. Shanahan, whose unit broke 40 school offensive records when he held the same post at Minnesota, is responsible for Florida's switch to a wide-open attack. The leading rusher from a year ago, junior Fullback James Jones, is back, but he averaged only 59.7 yards a game. However, Tailback Lorenzo Hampton, a 4.5 man in the 40, is fully recovered from the broken left foot that sidelined him for the season in a Gators scrimmage game last year.

The chink in Florida's defense is at linebacker, but fortunately for the Gators, a lot of opponents will never get past the line of scrimmage to exploit that deficiency. The reason is David Galloway, a 6' 3", 283-pound tackle, who runs the



It's anything but comical to face David Galloway across the line.

40 in 4.7. Galloway had lost both his parents by the time he was 11, so his then-19-year-old sister, Shelley, took him in and raised him. And raised him. And kept raising him. When he isn't crunching ballcarriers, Galloway relaxes with the exploits of Conan the Barbarian, Marvel Comics' untamed hero. Then, the suspicion is, he eats the pages. "He's an awesome, dominating player," says Pell appreciatively.

It's hard to see how the Gators can finish among the top three teams in the SEC; they open at Miami and play Mississippi State and LSU back-to-back on the road. Regardless, it seems clear that Florida is back. And there's nothing tougher than a Gator's back.

14. OHIO STATE

That he was the No. 1 quarterback at Ohio State as a freshman was astonishing enough. That he came out throwing in his first game and never stopped was downright shocking. Five interceptions against Penn State, remember? Had Woody Hayes gone soft in the head? Never mind. Art Schlichter, son of a grain farmer, was going to change the face of Ohio State football and harvest a Heisman Trophy to boot. What happened?

"We've had some tough times and some great times," says Schlichter, now a senior. The great times came in his second season: Hayes was gone, and the Buckeyes went 11-1 for Earle Bruce, losing by a point to USC in the Rose Bowl. Schlichter made the NEA All-America and finished fourth in the Heisman voting. The tough times? Last year Ohio State ranked first in many preseason polls, but lost to every Top 20 team it played—UCLA, Michigan, Penn State.

"We had 26 seniors on last year's team, and I think we had a little tension, disunity," says Schlichter. "We weren't what you'd call a team because a lot of players didn't per-

form up to their capabilities. The mood this year is a little scared but excited, wondering if we can do the job. I think that's good."

Schlichter's backup, Bob Atha, who will also do all the placekicking, thinks that pressure on Schlichter might have been part of the problem. Says Atha, "They built up Art [for the Heisman] and it hurt him very much. And I think Art was conscious of it to a point that he ran the options in a way to protect himself from injury. You can't blame him. We're friends, but I felt sorry for him."

In defense of Schlichter, his offensive line certainly didn't play up to its potential, allowing defenders to chase Schlichter all over the turf and sack him 23 times. Still, he completed 53.4% of his passes and threw 12 for touchdowns. Tackle Luther Henson and Guard Scott Burris are gone from the interior line, but Tackle Joe Smith and Guard Joe Lukens, who made All-Big Ten as a sophomore, return. Bill Roberts, a 6' 5", 258-pound sophomore tackle, could really make life easy for Schlichter.

Two other great losses are Flanker Doug Donley, who caught 43 passes for seven touchdowns, and Tailback Cal Murray, the Big Ten rushing leader with 1,267 yards. Bruce may move last year's fullback, speedy Tim Spencer (577 yards on 108 carries), to tailback and replace him with soph Vaughn Broadnax, who, at 6' 3", 242, is in the classic Ohio State fullback mold. But Schlichter wants to change all that "three yards and a cloud of SuperTurf" stuff. He's trying to cajole Bruce into using a no-fullback, split-tailback offense, which would include Spencer and junior Jim Gayle, to add yet another pass-catching threat to the attack.

"One thing we have is great receivers," says Schlichter. "Gary Williams [39 catches, six TDs] is one of the best. Thad Jemison and Victor Langley are fine, too, but Cedric Anderson is going to be great. He runs better than anybody I ever saw after he gets the ball. And we'll have to score to win, I know that. We lost a lot on defense."

And how? Seven defensive starters are gone, including the entire secondary. Only two tackles and two linebackers return, and there's very little experience elsewhere. That should make the Buckeyes dangerously vulnerable to their third and fourth opponents, pass-happy Stanford (which has Schlichter's Heisman rival, John Elway, throwing for it) and Florida State, not to mention one of the strongest Michigan teams they will ever have faced in the season finale at Ann Arbor.



Art Schlichter's Heisman hopes are as tall as an elephant's eye.

continued

15. WASHINGTON



Fletcher Jenkins cracks up concrete, not to mention ballcarriers.

Fletcher Jenkins, a defensive tackle from Tacoma, leans forward on his sofa in his Seattle apartment and plucks a two-inch steel screw from the jade plant on the table. It's the screw that was inserted in his left knee following surgery a year ago. So why does he keep it in the jade plant? "So I can find it when I get depressed. It reminds me that things can be a whole lot worse."

Husky fans are anything but depressed, and one of the reasons is Jenkins. He was generally ignored in the recruiting wars (only Idaho State and Wyoming expressed serious interest), but he thinks that was justified. "Let's face it," says Jenkins, a senior, "I weren't sound academically." Now, not only have his grades perked up (2.5 GPA in music; he plays drums with a jazz trio, and wants to teach or play professionally), but no one can ignore his football. Last season he made 88 tackles, including 10 sacks. In one virtuoso performance against Southern Cal, a game Washington won 20-10, Jenkins had 12 tackles, four sacks and recovered a fumble. At only 6' 2 1/2", 247 pounds, he has pro scouts chucking that he isn't big enough for the NFL. Time will tell. In the meantime, he's becoming a savvy guy. He even learned while laboring over a jackhammer this summer. "The trick was to let the hammer do the work and just maintain control," he says. Kind of like letting linemen thrash around while one slips inside to crush the ballcarrier, right, Fletcher?

And while he's expected to do a big share of the heavy-duty work on the Washington defense, Jenkins is only the brightest star among many. Seven defensive starters return, including Mark Jerue, the former nose guard who will likely switch to linebacker. What's music to Jerue's ears? "The sound the guy makes when I hit him," Washington's defense should be a symphony.

It's the offense that makes people around Seattle a bit nervous that there won't be another appearance in the Rose Bowl, where the Huskies lost to Michigan, 23-6, last January. Only three returning offensive players have strong cre-

dentials, and two, Anthony Allen and Paul Skansi, play the same position—wide receiver. The third is Split End Aaron Williams. "It's a little scary to think we may have the best receivers in the country but may not be able to get the ball to 'em," says Coach Don James.

That's because there's nobody on hand to replace departed Quarterback Tom Flick, who led Washington to 13 victories in 17 starts. His likely successor: Steve Pelluer, a big, strong and brassy sophomore who looks every inch a QB but who can be overly cautious. Running back is another huge question mark, following the departure of Toussaint Tyler, the fourth-best rusher in Washington history, and Kyle Stevens, the sixth-best. Probable starters are Vince Colby, who was impressive (422 yards on 102 carries) in 1979, and even stepped ahead of Stevens as starting tailback late that season, and Cliff Johnson. Both were out all of 1980 with knee injuries. Maybe they can graft a shoot off Jenkins' jade plant, to assure their full recovery.

The Huskies have a favorable schedule, including patsies Pacific and Kansas State in their first two games, and the offense probably will think they're supermen. But with Jenkins beating a tattoo on the opposition ("What I do best is get out on the field and really play"), and with a lot of help from his friends, James may be speaking straight when he eyes his crack defense, checks his questionable offense and admits, "We might wind up winning games 3-2."

16. MISSISSIPPI STATE

His name is Bond; he wears a flak jacket to protect himself; he's a great escape artist; and he has a license to kill. So why is this fellow living in an apartment with his wife, Kay, in Starkville, Miss.? The name is Bond, but it's John, not James, and he's the quarterback for Mississippi State.

Bond's emergence last year as a freshman savior (1,569 yards of total offense in 11 games) was just the first of many pleasant surprises for the Bulldogs. Along the way from 3-8 to 9-2 and a berth in the Sun Bowl, there was a memorable 6-3 upset of No. 1 Alabama. The brains behind State's turnaround: Coach Emory Bellard, father of the wishbone offense, who in two seasons in Starkville has not only recruited Bond and a few dozen other fine prospects, but also invented a new offense—the wishbone.

State won't be the surprise this season that it was in 1980, however. Fifteen starters return, including Bond and Middle Linebacker Johnnie Cooks, who hoster the Bulldogs' 4-3 umbrella defense. Cooks, who had 79 solo tackles and 37 assists, was All-SEC in 1980. Defensive End Billy Jackson, who was overlooked by many schools because he is only 6' 1", 220, had 14 quarterback sacks last fall as a freshman. If State has a weakness on defense, it will be in the secondary, where departed Cornerback Willie Jackson and Safety Larry Friday have left large gaps.

MSU's rushing offense was seventh best in the nation last season, and with junior Center Kent Hull and All-SEC Guard Wayne Harris back, getting running room and passing time shouldn't be a problem. The difficulty will be

finding a replacement for All-America Wingback Mardye McDoyle, who led the SEC as a rusher-receiver last year. Bel-



John Bond enjoys pooling his considerable talents with wife Kay.

lard hopes that sophomore Danny Knight will "do a lot of things real good," and junior Michael Haddix, a proven runner, will start at halfback. Haddix finished third in the SEC in rushing last year with 724 yards, followed in close order by the mercurial Bond with 720.

Bond, an avid duck hunter (hence license to kill), grew up around the State campus because his father, Andrew Bond, was on the school's administrative staff in the admissions department. This fall he'll be wearing a flak jacket to protect his ribs. If his equipment holds up, this time 'round they may just have to issue Bond a license to thrill.

17. STANFORD



John Elway may have a blue-chip future in two professional sports.

A year ago Stanford, a 15-point underdog, blitzed Oklahoma 31-14. Then, as an 18-point favorite, Stanford was

dumped 28-23 by California. Though the Cardinals ranked high among national leaders in passing (sixth), total offense (seventh) and scoring (15th), they ended the year with a 6-5 record and no invitation to a bowl. Things will change this fall at Palo Alto.

But not on offense, where once again John Elway, now a junior, will ring up numbers faster than a digital supermarket checkout gizmo. Last year Elway, a .361-hitting outfielder who so far has rejected big-buck offers from the New York Yankees, completed 248 of 379 passes for 2,889 yards and 27 touchdowns. He broke a Pac-10 record with six TD passes against Oregon State and tied an NCAA mark by throwing four scoring passes in the first quarter. He was the first sophomore named Pac-10 Player of the Year and the first sophomore All-America at quarterback since Northwestern's Tom Meyers 18 years ago. Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer said, after the wipeout of his Sooners in Norman: "Elway put on the greatest exhibition of quarterback play and passing I have ever seen in this stadium." At 6' 4", 202 pounds and growing, Elway can also carry the ball when necessary. And nobody hurries him out of the pocket, from which, not incidentally, he can look out at an army of gifted receivers.

All-America Ken Margerum is gone, but Andre Tyler, who led Stanford—and co-led the Pac-10—with 53 receptions, is back. Tyler's style—cutting cute patterns under the coverage—mixes well with that of Flanker Mike Tolliver, whose explosive running reminds folks of former Cardinal and current Dallas Cowboy Tony Hill. Back, too, is Darrin Nelson, who twice has caught 50 passes and rushed for more than 1,000 yards in a season; he missed doing so last year (47 receptions, 889 yards rushing) only because an ankle sprain kept him out of 1½ games, a bruised hip, out of another. That Stanford has an offense its fans love to watch is no news. What is, is that it might not have a defense rival teams love to see. Coach Paul Wiggins has taken drastic steps. First, he instituted a rigorous year-round weightlifting program. Then he junked his old "read-and-react" style in favor of an "attack technique" that calls for a lot of linebacker free-lancing similar to that of the Oakland Raiders. Though the defense gets back eight starters, two of them, Linebacker Dave Morze and Safety Kevin MacMillan, may well lose their jobs to junior Gary Wimmer and senior Pete St. Geme. And somebody else will be out of his job, too, if freshmen Nose Guard Terry Jackson, a 6' 7", 260-pound high school All-America defensive tackle from Washington, D.C., lives up to his press clippings. "I feel better about this defense," says Wiggins. "I think you'll see improvement."

Which means, of course, that Stanford's foes might be seeing even more of Elway.

18. BRIGHAM YOUNG

The curly-haired, bull-necked super quarterback ducked into the locker room one day last spring and out came plain old Jim McMahon, mild-mannered, bookish and respecta-

continued



With glasses, Jim McMahon reads books; sans glasses, he reads enemy defenses.

cled BYU communications major. "I felt strange out there in practice," he said. "I'm a senior, and I'm surrounded by a lot of new faces. We lost 21 seniors off last year's team, a lot of people who made me look good."

On the field, McMahon wears neither glasses nor contact lenses, and his vision is only 20-60 in his right eye, he stuck a fork in it when he was six. "I can make out the colors of the jerseys O.K.," he jokes. And William Tell knew that apple he had to hit was the red thing.

Just how good did McMahon look last year, anyway? Well, statistically, if not esthetically, he looked like the best passing quarterback in college football history. He became the first, since Tubia's Jerry Rhome in 1964, to lead the nation in passing efficiency and total yardage, setting a few NCAA records along the way—like 32 of them. Consider just a few: 47 touchdown passes (17 more than runner-up Joe Adams of Tennessee State); 4,571 yards gained passing (1,648 more than runner-up Mark Herrmann of Purdue and 851 more than the record set by BYU's Marc Wilson in 1979); an average gain of 10.27 yards per pass attempt (his completion percentage was a whopping, though not record-breaking, 63.8%). Also, he enters 1981 with a string of 12 games in which he has passed for more than 300 yards. Nevertheless, McMahon is not satisfied. "I haven't reached my full potential," he says, "I want to do better this season. I expect to do better."

That may be difficult, all the more so because BYU's offensive coordinator, Doug Scovill, who developed McMahon as well as predecessors Marc Wilson and Gifford Nielsen—now with Oakland and Houston, respectively—has become head coach at San Diego State. But BYU will pass 75% of the time, and McMahon may do better if Head Coach LaVell Edwards finds a few new pass receivers. Gone are the two top pass catchers from last season, Running Back Scott Phillips (60 receptions, an indication of just what "running back" means in Cougar argot) and Tight End Clay Brown, 48 for 1,009 yards and 15 touchdowns. Junior Brad Hardisty will start at tight end, while junior Scott Pettis, who averaged 10.4 yards on 27 carries last year, moves into the starting backfield; Pettis was issued a catcher's mitt. The best of McMahon's returning targets is Wide Receiver Danny Plater, a speedster who caught eight touchdown passes in 1980. However, the BYU offensive line is inexperienced, and McMahon may lack for pocket time.

Two problems remain. One is the schedule, which is simply too easy for a team chasing a high national ranking. BYU has won or tied for the WAC championship six times in the past seven years and should win another title this year. The only non-conference opponents are Long Beach State and Colorado. So look for BYU to run up a few scores, just as it did last year—83-7 vs. Texas-El Paso,

70-46 vs. Utah State—to catch the attention of the pollsters.

The other problem is related to the first—how to get McMahon the notice he deserves as a bona fide Heisman Trophy candidate. "The other top candidates will be playing against big names," says McMahon. "I'll have to work that much harder to be outstanding." Just look good.

19. LSU

Alan Risher puts up scaffolding, also plenty of passes in the fall.



It has been an unusually long summer down on the Bayou. For months people have been looking deep into their gumbo trying to fathom what the 1981 season will bring for their Tigers. Is the promise of last season enough to improve on a 7-4 record and contend for the SEC championship? LSU Coach Jerry Stovall is as puzzled about his team's prospects as anybody, acknowledging that a lot will depend on how the Tigers do in their first two games. "By the third week of the season we could either be 0-2 or No. 1 in the country," says Stovall.

LSU is a team that promises to get a whole lot better as the season wears on, assuming too many of its frontline players aren't obliterated in the opening two weeks. The Tigers' first test is against Alabama, on Sept. 5, on prime-time network television, not a game Bear Bryant is likely to take lightly. The following week LSU takes on Notre Dame as Gerry Faust makes his college coaching debut before the Irish faithful. "We're going to have to do the best we can just to keep from being embarrassed," Stovall says.

The Tigers lack experience and depth at several positions, and that could be a liability in a schedule with six opponents who played in bowl games last season. The defensive line has been weakened by graduation, and both safeties—including All-SEC Chris Williams—are gone. Stovall says he may start freshmen in their place. One agreeable surprise in spring practice was the play of Defensive Tackle Bill Elko, who is Frank Kush's nephew. Elko transferred from Arizona State after Kush was fired as head coach there, and though he's being converted from end to tackle, he has adjusted well. The secondary and the linebackers will be strengthened by the addition of freshmen Jeffery Dale and Gregg Dubroc.

LSU will run a veer offense, as it did last year, but this season the Tigers should be more explosive. Junior Jesse Myles is back at full speed at fullback, which is good news, be-

cause Myles led the team in rushing in '80 despite missing half the season with a broken leg. Lester Dunn, a sophomore who didn't play a down with the varsity last year despite gaining 61 yards on four carries as a freshman, had an excellent spring and will give the Tigers much-needed speed.

The key to the whole season is junior Quarterback Alan Risher, who came from nowhere last year to throw for nine touchdowns and run for six, and complete 57.3% of his passes. "He can throw that ball in a knothole," says Stovall, "and he doesn't make mistakes. If we can't run on you, I'm going to fill that air full of football. I want our players to know we're busting our cookies to win. But Alan has got to stay healthy for us to function. We won't be able to gain the length of my arm without him."

Risher, a pre-med biochemistry major from Slidell, La., is aware that he'll probably have two freshmen as backups, making him all the more indispensable. "It puts a little more pressure on me than I had anticipated," he says. "But I've never been one to stand around in the pocket and let those big boys hit on me." Risher's running (362 yards) helped carry LSU last season, but this year it will probably be more controlled. Certainly neither he nor Stovall is looking for a repeat of the Tigers' experience against Rice last September. In that game there were several center-to-quarterback goofs that led to a Rice victory.

Risher's primary targets will probably be high hurdler (13.54) Orlando McDaniel, sprinter (10.27) Eftrem Coley and converted Running Back Eric Ellington, a 5'9" 182-pounder who runs the 40 in 4.6. LSU's two leading receivers last year were running backs, and Stovall continues to believe that a pass in the backfield is as good as a pitch-out. That kind of flexibility, along with Risher's ability to lead the ball on play-action passes, makes the Tigers a constant threat to go long.

Bring on Bama. Bring on Notre Dame.

20. BAYLOR

It happened three years ago, when a lowly Baylor team was about to face mighty Texas. At a pregame pep talk Coach Grant Teaff figured he had to pump up his Bears, get them to give that "little bit extra." So he rattled off a tale about two Eskimos fishing in a hole cut in the ice. One is reeling in fish after fish, the other catching nothing. Finally the unlucky Eskimo asks his friend why he is doing so well. "Easy," the first Eskimo answers. "I keep the worms warm in my mouth." His story told, Teaff shouted that—by gosh—he would do whatever it took to succeed! Then the coach pulled a worm out of his pocket, threw back his head and popped it into his mouth. Baylor, of course, upset Texas.

"It just shocked and excited them," Teaff recalls. Yeah, Coach, but about the worm? "Well, when they charged out of that locker room, I followed them and spit that thing out first chance I got."

Point is, Grant Garland Teaff has been shocking and exciting folks at Baylor since the day he arrived in 1971. The Bears won a Southwest Conference title in 1924 and didn't

win another until 1974. Then last season Baylor won one again. "It took us half a century to win one title but only six years to win the next," Teaff says. "So we must be doing something right."

What Teaff's doing right, among other things, is recruiting and signing such players as Walter Abercrombie, the senior tailback who is Baylor's all-time most productive ball-carrier. Last season he rushed for 1,187 yards and had 10 touchdowns, both tops in the SWC. Off the field, Abercrombie sings in a gospel band called The Real Thing and earns more than peanuts in the Mars candy factory. Teaff's worm set beguiled him. He chose Baylor because he was raised in Waco and thought it was whacko to leave. He's elated that he stayed. "I think we're contenders again," he says.

If so, Teaff must find able replacements for 13 departed starters from the 1980 team that led the SWC in offense and defense. Missing on defense alone are six starters, no-



Don't snicker. Walter Abercrombie always gives Baylor a big lift.

tably all three linebackers, including two-time All-America Mike Singletary. Teaff got a lift in the secondary when Safety Scott Smith, a fifth-year student, passed up an offer to coach at Mississippi. Good news, too, is Baylor's front four, thanks to the sudden development of Tackle Tommy Tabor and End Charles Benson, who last fall batted down 13 passes at the line of scrimmage. And immediate help is expected to come from freshman recruits—particularly Brian Camp, Alan Jamison and Kevin Hancock, all of whom are among superscout Joe Terranova's "Sweet 60 Freshmen."

On offense, the entire returning backfield—Abercrombie, Fullback Dennis Gentry and Quarterback Jay Jeffrey—is All-SWC. And for additional punch, Teaff moved Alford Anderson, last season's SWC Freshman of the Year as a running back, out to wingback. Quarterback Mike Brannan, MVP of the 1979 Peach Bowl, is back to challenge Jeffrey after sitting out the last four games of 1980 with a knee injury. "The offense has to pull some games out of the hole," Abercrombie says. "I think we can." Some, yes. A lot, sure. But all of them? Like that old worm, it's pretty hard to swallow.

CONTINUED

SMALL COLLEGES

by MIKE DeINAGRO

Mickey Kwiatkowski, the Hofstra coach, knows what life in the smalls is all about: "A billion people in China don't know we play. What's worse, a lot of people in our own area don't know it, either." Too bad. The small colleges annually come up with a few juggernaut teams, eye-popping players and such wackiness as a midjet halfback, the tight end/mayor, the single-wing attack and Portland State 105-Delaware State 0. Trouble is, in the NCAA's divisions I-AA, II and III there are 358 teams, not to mention the 230 playing NAIA football, some as dual members of the NCAA—all of which causes a lot of confusion. To sort out the big news from the smalls in 1981, we polled the small-college coaches.

Q. ARE THERE ANY BUDDING LEGENDS OUT THERE?

- Two for sure—Grambling State Coach Eddie Robinson and Tennessee State's John Merritt. As everyone knows by now, Bear Bryant, with 306 career wins, is fast closing in on Amos Alonzo Stagg's all-time collegiate record for victories (314). Robinson has 291 wins—15 fewer than Bryant—and, at 62, he is six years younger than Bear. Merritt, only 54, has won 206 games. Bryant will surely pass Stagg. But Robinson and Merritt have the Bear in their sights.
- Jackson State: Twenty-one former Jackson State players—including Walter Payton—played for NFL teams last fall. Only six schools, all Division I-A, had more alumni in the pros.
- Tony Madden and Milt Cerf, sort of. Madden, a Wilkes College (Pa.) tight end, defeated Pringle (Pa.) incumbent Mayor Charles Wroblewski in a primary last May and is uncontested in November's mayoral election. He's believed to be the first-ever student-athlete mayor. Cerf, a Marin County, Calif. insurance man, re-instituted and fully funded a football program at Sonoma State (Calif.). Cerf also coaches the Cosacs.
- Trumaine Johnson. Everyone who saw the Grambling wingback last fall came

away impressed. He's 6' 3", 190 pounds, and as a sophomore led the Southwestern Conference in receptions (41), receiving yardage (918) and scoring (96 points). First play of the Jackson State game, Johnson scored on a 96-yard pass play. He returned one punt 67 yards for a touchdown. Jackson Coach W.C. Gordon, whose Punt Returner Sylvester Stamps himself is no slouch, says, "Trumaine amazes me."

Q. WHAT TEAMS WILL DEFINITELY MAKE THE PLAYOFFS?

- In Division I-AA, alphabetically:
Grambling State
Idaho
Lehigh
North Carolina A&T
Western Kentucky

From last fall's 10-2 team, Grambling has oodles of offensive punch to go along with Trumaine Johnson, specifically running backs Kenneth Jackson and Ernest Walker. Moreover, back on defense are all four Trees of Terror—tackles Willie Bloat (6' 5") and Robert Thomas (6' 4") and ends Robert Smith (6' 8") and Arthur King (6' 6"). And don't overlook freshman Tackle James Polk, who's 6' 9", 325 pounds and growing. Idaho, behind Quarterback Ken Hobart, looks ripe to win the Big Sky Conference. That would mean knocking off Boise State, last year's I-AA national champion. Since 1977 Lehigh is 39-9-2. This fall, with its usual tough defense and with Larry Michalski at quarterback, expect nothing to change. North Carolina A&T, 9-3 last year, led I-AA in rushing, and Waymon Pitts, who rushed for 936 yards, and Charlie (Soul Train) Sutton (500 yards) will again take off behind a standout veteran line dubbed "Operation Push." Just about everybody that matters is back at Western Kentucky. That's bad news for Eastern Kentucky and other Ohio Valley foes, especially since Western lost only one game last fall. Tennessee State, which drops down from Division I-A, and Eastern Illinois, a Division II power moving

up, will be heard from, and with 18 starters back, Florida A&M is the sleeper.

- In Division II, alphabetically:
Angelo State (Texas)
California-Davis
Jacksonville (Ala.) State
Missouri-Rolla
Norfolk State

Angelo State, a dual member of the NAIA, has outstanding passing, thanks to Doug Kuhlmann, and running, with Anthony Johnson, a 1,000-yard back. On defense, Linebacker Clayton Weisuhn is a two-time NAIA All-America. To get anywhere, Cal-Davis must defeat California Poly State-San Luis Obispo, the 1980 II champ. But with 10 consecutive Far Western titles under Coach Jim Sochor's belt and Ken O'Brien returning at quarterback, Cal-Davis' chances aren't exactly slim. Jacksonville State always makes the playoffs, or at least it has three of the past four years, and once again is quarterbacked by Ed Lett, who last season broke the Gulf South Conference's completion, yardage and touchdown records. Norfolk State finished last last season, winning its final four games, and 19 of 22 starters return, among them Running Back Orlando Goodhope and the wonderfully named sophomore quarterback, Raynard Revels. Missouri-Rolla, uninvited to postseason play in 1980, is tied with Georgia for college football's longest win streak (13 games).

The dark horses: Texas A&I, Virginia Union, Northern Michigan and Alabama A&M, which, incidentally, its fans adore. An average of 15,820 spectators attended Bulldog home games.

- In Division III, Dayton lost Coach Rick Carter to Holy Cross but still looks untouchable. Last fall the Flyers were 14-0 and beat Ithaca 63-0 in the title game. Their main challengers will be Baldwin-Wallace, Wittenberg, Widener and Carnegie-Mellon. Also watch Millsaps, which has won 10 straight, and Adrian (Mich.) College, which took its last nine in '80.
- In the NAIA, Northeastern Oklahoma State, led by 5' 9" Anthony Flanders and his nine-yards-a-carry average, and Central Arkansas, featuring the passes of Randy Huffstickler to Ron Mallett, will make a run at 1980 Division I champ Elon College. Division II is up for grabs among Linfield College, Peru (Neb.) State and 1980 champion Pacific Lutheran. Last year Peru Running Back Alvin

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

Holder led the NAIA in rushing, gaining 1,605 yards in 267 carries.

Q. WINNERS ASIDE, WHAT ARE THE FOUR MOST EXCITING TEAMS TO WATCH?

- Denison (Granville, Ohio) is one of two collegiate teams still using the single wing (Colorado College is the other). Coach Keith Piper, now in his 28th season, says, "As long as you don't have the dominant players, the of single wing's a thing that'll give you an edge."

- Wisconsin-River Falls is primarily a wishbone team, but also employs what Coach Mike Farley calls a "four-quarterback offense." In it, the quarterback, a halfback and two split backs are all likely to throw a pass. Farley says the four-quarterback formation may be called four or five times a game.

- For you air-game lovers, Occidental (Calif.), alma mater of ex-Buffalo Bill Jack Kemp, plans to throw at least 40 passes a game.

- If you prefer the ground game, try to catch Minnesota-Duluth. Last season the Bulldogs called 613 running plays in 10 games.

Q. BESIDES SLIPPERY ROCK (PA.) STATE COLLEGE, WHAT OTHER SMALLS DESERVE RECOGNITION BASED ON THEIR NAMES ALONE?

- In alphabetical order.

Azusa Pacific
Gustavus Adolphus
Kutztown (Pa.) State
Millsaps

Gustavus Adolphus, in Saint Peter, Minn., is a Lutheran college named after a Swedish king.

- Also, many smalls have catchy nicknames. Among animals alone there are: Antelopes (Kearney State, Neb.); Kangaroos (Austin College, Texas); Gnomes (Pittsburg State, Kans.); Ravens (Anderson College, Ind.); Wasps (Emory & Henry, Va.).

A listing of non-animal favorites includes the Colorado School of Mines Orediggers, the Bethel (Kans.) Threshers, the Washburn Ichabods and, among junior colleges, the Scottsdale (Ariz.) C.C. Artchokes. The Artchokes, formerly the Drovers, got their name as the result of a student protest over athletic budgets. One of the leaders behind the protest

movement even took to showing up at Scotsdale games decked out in a leafy artichoke costume.

For those who admire puns, there are the Price Setters (N.Y.). But the most convoluted example of the genre has to be the University of Connecticut. U. Conn.'s nickname is the Huskies. *Grown*

Of course, small-college coaches also think Sooners, Trojans and Fighting Irish are pretty funny names, too, and that Crimson Tide is a reddish detergent. *Double grown*

WHAT MAJOR CAREER RECORDS WILL BE BROKEN?

• After rushing for a 1-AA freshman record 910 yards in 1979 and then gaining 1,622 yards last fall, Lorenzo Bouser of Maine is all but sure to become 1-AA's all-time top rusher. And Bill LaFemere of Northeastern returns after a 1980 season in which he rushed, caught passes and returned punts and kickoffs for 1,601 yards, bringing his career total to 2,898 in 144 attempts, a 1-AA "all-purpose" record 20.1 yards a play. Back, too, are Eastern Kentucky's Jerry Parrish (113 plays for 2,224 career yards) and, natch, Tramane Johnson (133 plays, 1,860 yards).

• Towson (Md.) State's Sean Landeta returns after winning Division II's punting title (43.4 yards a kick) and finishing tied for the lead in field goals, hitting 14 of 28 tries. In the 22 seasons the NCAA has kept kicking stats, Landeta is the first player ever to lead any division in both categories. He's also within shooting distance of Division II and III's career punting record average (44.5 yards), set in 1964-66 by Don Cockcroft of Adams State (Colo.).

• Career return records are sketchy in the lower divisions, but no one is more thrilling to watch than Mike Askew of Kean College of New Jersey. Last fall he returned 10 kickoffs for 415 yards, a stunning 41.5-yard average, which was a II and III season record. Askew also led III in punt returns, with a 19-yard average. Only two other NCAA players have ever led their divisions in both categories.

• Bill Stromberg of Johns Hopkins caught 66 passes in 1980 to lift his career total to 180, 73 shy of the all-time II and III record set by Kenyon's Chris Myers between 1967 and 1970. By catching passes for 1,148 yards this season, Stromberg, a senior, also would become only

continued

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Where did this Larry Holmes quote appear? Where else—in William Nack's article *The Man Who Would Be Champ* in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** where the dreams and dedication of an individual are as important to the story as the action in the sport he plays.

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly

the second receiver in NCAA history to haul in 4,000 yards of passes.

• With another season like 1980, St. Joseph's (Ind.) senior Quarterback Mike Houston will end up with a career 8,000 total yards—a sum reached so far by just two Division II or III players.

Q. WHAT ARE THE 10 MOST HEATED RIVALRIES BETWEEN SMALL COLLEGES?

• East-to-West: 1) Williams vs. Amherst, 2) Middlebury vs. Norwich, 3) Widener College vs. Franklin and Marshall, 4) Southern University vs. Grambling, 5) DePaul vs. Wash. St., 6) Coe College vs. Cornell (Iowa), 7) Texas A&I vs. Southwest Texas State, 8) Colorado School of Mines vs. Colorado College, 9) Boise State vs. Idaho, 10) Cal-Davis vs. Cal Poly-San Luis Obispo.

Amherst-Williams dates back to 1884, the oldest small-college rivalry. Colorado Mines-Colorado College began five years later and heated up fast when Mines students took to dynamiting Colorado's goalposts. And Idaho-Boise State reached the boiling point in 1973, when Idaho's defensive unit marched through Boise's locker room on its way to the field and chanted, "Kiss my ass." Grambling-Southern drew 76,653 fans in 1974, which is believed to be the largest small-college crowd in history. And consider the importance of the Franklin and Marshall-Widener series for a moment. F&M has lost 11 games in nine seasons, seven of them to Widener. Widener has lost nine games in nine seasons, two to F&M.

Bob Hilton, a Cedar Rapids *Gazette* sports reporter, says he'd never miss a Coe-Cornell clash. "Iowa gets maybe a fourth of its student body in its 60,000-plus crowds," he says. "Coe and Cornell probably draw 80% of their students. And there's more tradition. It's a game between student-athletes, real students."

Q. WHAT OTHER MATCHUPS WILL BE MOST INTERESTING THIS FALL?

• Wisconsin-Eau Claire at Wisconsin-Platteville. Last year Eau Claire led 33-0, but Platteville rallied in the second half and won 52-43. It was the greatest comeback victory in NCAA history and Eau Claire hasn't forgotten.

• Western Illinois at Eastern Illinois. Eastern was Western's doormat until

Coach Darrell Mudra arrived three years ago. In his first season Mudra beat Western and went on to win the Division II national title. The next season Eastern was unbeaten and ranked No. 1 until it was upset by Western. Last fall, wouldn't you know it, Eastern avenged the loss by a 31-7 score.

• Cal Poly State-San Luis Obispo vs. Boise State. The 1980 Division II national champs face the 1980 Division I-AA national champs.

• Dayton vs. Eastern Kentucky. The 1980 Division III champs meet the 1980 Division I-AA runners-up.

• Michigan Tech at Northern Michigan. This one doesn't pit divisional champs against one another, but spectators might get to see 100 forward passes.

• Wisconsin-Stout visits Augustana (S. Dak.) College on Sept. 5. In 1978 Stout Coach Lyle Eidsness introduced his "Radar Defense," a curiosity that calls for all 11 defensive players to be in stand-up positions before the center snap. This fall Eidsness and his Radar are at Augustana. But Eidsness' successor at Stout, Bob Kamish, liked what he saw in Radar, and uses it, too. It will be the first game ever totally void of defensive down linemen.

Q. WHO ELSE WILL BE MOST PRODUCTIVE IN 1981?

• Well, there simply are no quarterbacks around to make folks forget Portland State's Neil Lomax, now a St. Louis Cardinal, but, among others, keep an eye on: 1) Bobby Hebert of Northwestern State (La.); 2) Scott Lindquist of Northern Arizona; 3) Ken Sweitzer of Connecticut; 4) Larry Michalski of Lehigh.

All of them completed 100 or more passes last season and connected on at least 50% of their attempts. In II and III, no quarterbacks figure to be more dangerous than Cal-Davis' Ken O'Brien (143 completions, 55.6%) and DePaul's Rob Doyle (174 completions, 59.2%).

• Among NCAA running backs, no fewer than 20 1,000-yard rushers from 1980 are back this season. The five most explosive, based on average-yards-per-carry, will be: 1) Dennis Mahan of Hampton Institute (8.0); 2) Milton Jones of North Dakota (6.9); 3) Gregg Trosky of Coe College (6.0); 4) Ken Jenkins of Bucknell (6.0); 5) Dean Doe of the Merchant Marine (5.6).

Q. WHOM DO THE PROS LIKE?

• Booker Reese, a 6' 3" defensive end at Bethune-Cookman, runs the 40 in 4.7, and though he weighs 260 pounds, Philadelphia Eagle Personnel Director Carl Peterson says, "He's so quick off the ball, sometimes he isn't touched."

• Kelvin Murdock, a 5' 11 1/2" flanker at Troy (Ala.) State (25 yards per catch last year), is expected to be drafted in the first or second round. Washington Redskins General Manager Bobby Beathard says Murdock has it all but size.

• Ricky Eberhart, Morris Brown's ace free safety, is "the best small-college prospect in the country," according to Tom Braatz, player personnel director of the Atlanta Falcons.

• Also high on pro draft lists: North Carolina A&T Defensive End James Williams, Tuskegee Linebacker Kenneth Woodward and Angelo State Linebacker Clayton Werhshun.

"We look at 4,000 to 5,000 seniors each year, which makes it difficult to rate a junior player," says Dick Steinberg, New England's director of player development. Which means that the word on Trumaine might not get out until 1982.

Q. WHO ARE THE SMALLEST OF THE SMALLEST?

• Teams: Probably Pillsbury Baptist Bible in Owatonna, Minn. It has 340 male students. Terry Price gets no salary for coaching, and the whole football budget is \$6,000 a year. Bluffton College (Ohio) has 662 students, and about a sixth of them go out for football. Fisk, in Nashville, started last season with 35 players and finished with only 23. Grinnell (Iowa) College hasn't won five games in a season since 1970, and two years ago its backfield, averaging 165 pounds a man, outweighed the offensive line.

• Players: Austin Peay State (Tenn.) Tailback James (Tattoo) German is only 5' 3 1/2", 150 pounds. Tufts (Mass.) uses 5' 8", 168-pound Dave (Weasel) Weiss at noseguard.

Probably the alltime smallest small-college player is Billy Barty, an actor today, who played flanker at Los Angeles City College in 1945. Barty is 3' 9". But among the smalls, he's one of the giants. **END**

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The icing on his cake

Although he's the least known of L.A.'s stars Dusty Baker makes a lot of dough

Dusty Baker, normally a proponent of the Panglossian view that this is the best of all possible worlds, was unhappy. In the fourth inning of a game last week with the Cubs, he had played a Bobby Bonds line drive off the leftfield ivy at Wrigley Field as if the ball were a hot briquette, and Bonds wound up with a run-scoring triple. Bonds subsequently scored the winning run in what would become a 4-3 Chicago victory over Baker's Los Angeles Dodgers, and Baker was unsurprising in self-assessment.

"Dammit," he muttered, pitching a beer can into a clubhouse wastebasket, "I pride myself on my defense. I work at it. So now I got out and mess that one up. And, ironically, the ball is hit by one of my idols." Bonds, three years older than the 32-year-old Baker, was an all-sports star in Riverside, Calif., where Baker spent many of his formative years. If there is anyone Baker doesn't want to mess up in front of, it's Bonds, even if the mess works in Bonds' favor. "Dammit," said Baker.

In this same game, Baker's 15-game hitting streak had ended, but that concerned him not at all. He had started what would become a thwarted Dodger rally in the ninth with a walk and a stolen base, and he had gotten the walk by taking a close pitch a more selfish player might have swung at in an effort to keep the hitting streak alive. Baker seemed startled by the suggestion that personal statistics

should have entered his mind at a time like that. "I never even thought of it," he said. "The ball was high. I wanted to get on base. The win is all that matters."

"Dusty Baker is one of the most tremendous team players in the game," his manager, Tommy Lasorda, later affirmed. Bothered as Baker was by the loss and his contribution to it, he was nonetheless happy to be playing baseball again. By nature, he is made happy by most things, but especially by baseball, at which he once more is excelling this year. He finished Part 1 of the season hitting .303, and he has maintained that pace in Part 2. At week's end, it was .298.

Baker stayed in shape during the strike with daily workouts that invariably included long swimming sessions in pools near his Woodland Hills home outside Los Angeles. With his broad shoulders and tapering torso, the 6' 2", 187-pound Baker looks more like a swimmer than a

ballplayer. His nickname—hardly anyone calls him by his given name of Johnnie—derives from his youthful attraction to the good earth, but when not frolicking in the dirt, he was in the water. "My mother made me take swimming lessons when I was seven," he says. "The swimming pool kept me out of the pool halls. I was raised in two of the hottest spots anywhere—Riverside and Sacramento. I lived in the water."

But not all of the time. At Del Campo High in Carmichael, a Sacramento suburb, Baker was such a versatile athlete—starring in baseball, basketball, football and track—that most baseball scouts overlooked him, reasoning that an outfielder who enters track meets on game days isn't a serious enough candidate for the big leagues. The Atlanta Braves finally drafted him in the 26th round in 1967, and Baker, defying his father for perhaps the first time in his 18 years, signed for a \$15,000 bonus, "shooting craps with my life," as he puts it. "My father had signed a letter of intent for me to go to Santa Clara University. I don't think he spoke to me for two years after I signed."

The crap shoot came up seven. In his first full season with the Braves in 1972, Baker hit .321 with 17 homers and 76 runs batted in. That was the year of another player strike, and from it Baker learned a vital lesson.

"I thought I was the 25th man on the team," he says. "I didn't do anything during that strike [which postponed the opening of the season by 13 days]. I didn't think I'd be playing when the strike was over. So the first game back, Orlando Cepeda hurt his knee and they moved Hank [Aaron] to first and told me to get a glove. I was in total shock. I got a hit that game and then proceeded to go something like 0 for 20. I went right back to the bench. I know it was because I didn't work out. I thought I'd blown my chance. It was Hank who told me to keep working. He would limp into the clubhouse like an old man and then go out and play like a kid. I worked. When I got back in the lineup, I was there to stay."



Appositely enough, the raggy Baker is renowned as a batter

continued



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**JOHN
HENRY**

The hard work has paid off. Baker has enjoyed some outstanding seasons but received comparatively little public recognition. He is probably the least known of the Dodgers' legion of stars, although the last two years he hit a total of 52 homers and drove in 185 runs. It has been his curious fate to play his best when all around him are doing likewise. He hit 30 homers in 1977, the same year Steve Garvey hit 33, Reggie Smith 32 and Ron Cey 30, as the Dodgers became the first team in the majors to have four men with 30 or more. In 1973 Baker hit 21 homers and drove in 99 runs for the Braves, the very same year that Astron, Davy Johnson and Darrell Evans all had 40 homers or more, another big league first.

No matter, Baker likes being the underdog. "As a kid I always wanted to be the Indian, not the cowboy," he says. He was even partial to underdog movie fiends. "The only one I feared was the Wolf Man," says Baker. "All you heard about was Dracula and Frankenstein. But the Wolf Man scared me to death. I mean, he was fast. I was a smart kid. When the moon was full, I walked down the middle of the street where I knew the tree branches were too light to hold him. Walk on the sidewalk where they're heavier, and that Wolf Man is liable to drop down right on top of you."

Baker felt like something of an underdog when Atlanta drafted him. The Braves of the early, pre-Ted Turner '70s were a conservative bunch, and Baker had a brashness about him that didn't endear him to his peers. "My music, my clothes, my talk weren't acceptable," he says. "I was arrogant. I was young. I liked to talk a lot and much of it was wrong talk—both to the press and to my teammates. We were losing and I didn't like it. All I heard was what I didn't do, not what I did do. Playing on a winning team is easy. The game gets hard when you're losing. Everybody blames everybody else."

Eventually Baker learned to like the South, and he met his wife, Harriet, while she was a student at Louisiana's Grambling University. Still, he longed for California and urged the Braves to trade him West. "I kept telling them, trade me to the Coast and you'll see how good I can play," says Baker. When he hit only 261 in 1975, the Braves happily complied, dealing him to the Dodgers. It was a dream fulfilled. Baker had grown up a Dodger fan and had worn the uniform

No. 12 of another boyhood hero, Tommy Davis. But in the off-season, he tore a cartilage in his knee while running with his dog and limped through a wretched 1976 season, batting only .242 with four homers and 39 RBIs in 112 games. "I was booed," he says. "People were leaving crank notes on my car windshield. They broke some lamps outside my house. It was the lowest point of my career. I told the Braves to wait and see how good I was when I got home again. They must have been laughing out loud."

He had corrective surgery in the off-season, and on the advice of Dodger trainer Bill Buhler, he strengthened the knee with exercises, built his upper-body strength with weightlifting and improved his stamina with swimming. Lasorda became the Dodger manager in 1977 and informed Baker that he would be the team's leftfielder no matter what. Baker preferred either center or right, but he responded to this vote of confidence by hitting .291 with 30 homers in 153 games. True to his word, but a season late, he had shown the Braves what he could do once he got back home. The fans who once reviled him now cheered him, and last November the Dodgers signed him through 1985 for a cool \$4 million.

This is the untidest of all baseball seasons, but Baker considers his Dodgers to be the best of all teams in this best of all worlds. "We got a great mix, the right balance between veterans and kids," he says. "It's the closest team I've ever been on. Look at the outfield we've got. Pete Guerrero is only 25. Kenny Landreaux is 26, and at 32 I feel like I'm approaching my prime years. I've got that good feeling again."

THE WEEK

(Aug. 17-23)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST Tommy Boggs, Claudell Washington, Brian Ascalante and Rick Camp are becoming household names in Atlanta (4-3). Boggs, 1-10 before the strike, won his second straight game in Part 2 as he beat New York 5-2 with the support of a three-run pinch homer by Ascalante. Camp's four saves gave him a total of 13, and Washington hit .385. When it came to names, though, Peachtree Street was celebrating newcomer Brett (Gone with the

Wind) Butler, a 24-year-old outfielder who came up from the minors and promptly scored two runs and drove in another during a 6-4 triumph over the Mets.

Three saves by Greg Minton of the Giants (4-2) gave him 14. Minton, who has added a changeup to go with his sinker, was also a 5-1 victor in Pittsburgh. Joe Morgan's three-run double breaking an 11th-inning deadlock.

Burt Hooton and Jerry Reuss of the Dodgers (3-3) pitched four-hit shutouts against former teams, the Cubs and Cardinals, respectively. "Reuss is the hardest-throwing left-hander in the league," said Keith Hernandez of St. Louis. "He simply overpowered us." Fernando Valenzuela was no slouch, either, striking out 12 Cardinals and giving up just four hits in 8½ innings. Dave Stewart came on to get the last out of that 3-2 victory, one that gave Valenzuela a 10-4 record.

Two Nolans excelled. Joe Nolan of the Reds (3-2) batted .467 and drove in eight runs, four in a 6-3 triumph over Philadelphia and two in Mario Soto's 2-0 defeat of New York. And Nolan Ryan of the Astros (2-4) fired five innings of hitless ball in a 9-1 win over Montreal. Punchless San Diego (2-5) remained mired in the basement.

ATL 9-5 HOUST 7-6 SF 7-6
LA 7-6 CIN 6-6 SD 3-11

NL EAST What were a singer and a belly dancer doing in the Montreal clubhouse? Well, it was Ray Burris' 31st birthday. Ray's wife phoned Woodie Fryman and asked him to do something special, so Fryman arranged for a singing telegram and the hip-shaker. The Braves spoiled the party somewhat by knocking Burris out in four innings, but the Expos (3-4) rallied for a 5-4 victory. John Milner, just obtained from the Pirates in exchange for Willie Montanez, had the big blow for Montreal, a three-run homer. Another three-run blast, by Gary Carter in the 11th, finished off Atlanta 4-1. Carter had missed three games because of an injured right leg. "The pain was excruciating," he said. "I thought I was going to faint. But if you're going to be a catcher, you've got to be a dog."

Gene Tenace's pinch single in the ninth earned first-place St. Louis (3-3) past the Padres 7-6. Catcher Darrell Porter didn't have any big hits, but his mere presence behind the plate provided encouragement. Porter had been out of commission since early May, when he tore a rotator cuff in his right shoulder. On Sunday, Porter had two of the Cardinals' 20 hits as they beat L.A. 11-7.

With Neil Allen chalking up two saves and a win, and with Dave Kingman walloping three home runs, the Mets (3-3) remained peppy. Kingman slugged two homers as Ed Lynch and Allen blanked Atlanta 4-0, and his grand slam in the eighth beat Cincinnati 7-4. The Mets signed 1974 Cy Young Award

continued



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winner Mike Marshall, who hadn't pitched since his release by the Twins 14 months ago, and used him as relief four straight days. He gave up six hits and three runs in 3½ innings.

"I think I've stayed in Pittsburgh three years too long," said Dave Parker of the Pirates (4-3). The 1978 MVP was hitting .251 and has been booed lustily by hometown fans. Parker, though, was cheered when his three-run homer helped defeat the Padres 4-2. Two other Bucs were more consistent: Omar Moreno hit .480, and Bill Madlock's .462 week pushed him into the league lead at .337.

Unlike Marshall and Parker, two Cubs with distinguished pasts did well. Three hits by Bobby Bonds helped Chicago (3-3) topple Los Angeles 4-3. And Doug Bird, who said he "stayed drunk for a week" after being traded by the Yankees in June, hurled his first complete game in five years while defeating the Dodgers 3-1.

"This team thrives on emotion," said Larry Bowa of the Phillies (3-2). Manager Dallas Green stirred up those emotions with a 30-minute locker room talk after the club's mid-week fall into the cellar. Next time out, the Phils guanoed down two runners at the plate, played aggressively and beat the Astros 5-4 with the aid of Bowa's two-out, two-run single in the seventh. Four home runs, two by Keith Moreland, overpowered Houston 8-4. Steve Carlton and Tug McGraw wrapped up the series sweep with a three-hit 6-0 victory, in which Mike Schmidt unloaded a grand slam. Those three losses gave Houston a 40-101 record in Philly since entering the league in 1962.

ST.L-4NY8-5MONT6-6
CHIC6-7PIT7-8PHIL5-7

AL WEST Larry Gura, the guru of assorted breaking pitches, bullied the Yankees again as the Royals (2-4) won 4-0. Since being traded by New York to K.C. in 1976 for Catcher Fran Healy, who two years later retired to become a Yankee radio broadcaster, Gura has gone 8-1 against the Yankees, beating them the last seven times and holding a 2.38 ERA against them. And he's done all that despite throwing a fastball that, at best, is a slowball. "It's like this guy we hired to cut down 55 walnut trees on our farm," Gura says. "He told us his equipment doesn't look like much but it gets the job done." George Brett didn't get much done, his average for the Second Season dropping to .163. After Dan Quisenberry picked up his 11th save by getting the final four outs in a 5-3 victory over Toronto, he said, "The thing I got most excited about today was forming the world's only Q-Initiated batery with Jamie Quirk."

Britt Burns of the White Sox (4-2) spent most of his time in Birmingham at the bedside of his father, who was critically injured in an auto accident. When it was his turn to

pitch, Burns flew to New York and Toronto, and homers by Greg Luzinski helped him win both games. Luzinski homered again Sunday as the Sox had 21 hits, whipped Toronto 13-2 and moved into first place.

Tony Armas, first in the league in RBIs with 53 and tied for first in home runs with 17, downed four balls to briefly put the A's (3-3) atop the West. One of Armas' drives, a two-run clout as the seventh, made Rick Langford a 2-0 winner over Baltimore, another, a bases-empty blast in the 14th, sent a Red Sox-A's game into the 15th inning and Oakland prevailed 3-2 on a wild pitch.

The Rangers (2-4) need solid relief work from Jim Kern, and last week got it as Kern tripped his total saves for the season by locking up 8-6 and 4-1 wins over the Brewers.

Bobby Grich's hitting streak ended at 21 games, but some of his Angel (4-2) teammates began to unlimber their lumber. Don Baylor, who began the week with a .187 average, doubled twice and homered to knock off Baltimore 6-2. Rod Carew, who hit .464, went 5 for 5 during a 12-2 drubbing of Cleveland as Ken Forsch became the majors' first 16-game winner. Dan Ford had five RBIs one night, then beat the Indians 3-2 the next when he homered in the ninth and hit a sacrifice fly in the 10th.

When the Mariners (1-5) returned home from Minnesota at the start of the week, they discovered that their baggage had been returned to Alaska. The gear was found, but Seattle lost its winning touch and fell from first to third. Bullpens made the difference: The Mariner relief corps gave up 14 earned runs in 25½ innings, while opposing relievers yielded only one earned run in 30½ innings.

Minnesota's troubles were more deep-rooted. The Twins (1-5), who have the worst record in either league, again were stung by the words of owner Calvin Griffith, who 1) labeled the entire team "scabs," for some unknown reason; 2) said Third Baseman John Castino "has let us down so much it's unbelievable"; and 3) angered injured switch-hitter Roy Smalley by saying, "I hear he played golf right-handed during the strike. Why can't he be right-handed?" Ron Jackson was the Twins' RBI leader, but Griffith, who was irate when the outfielder-first baseman won a \$200,000 salary-arbitration dispute last winter, peddled him to Detroit for a player to be named later.

CHIC6-5OAK7-5SEA7-7KC8-8
CAL9-7TEX5-7MINN4-10

AL EAST The Orioles (3-3) continued to get the daylight knocked out of them. A 2-0 loss to the A's wasn't a humiliation, but it left Baltimore 8-15 in games played in daylight. And Mike Flanagan encountered his usual misfortune in Anaheim. Last week, with the score 1-1 and two out in the bottom of the fourth, Oriole

outfielders John Lowenstein and Al Burnby pursued a fly ball. Sensing a collision, both backed off and the ball dropped for a triple, touching off a four-run uprising and a 6-3 loss to the Angels. Two nights later, Lowenstein and Burnby each had two hits as Jim Palmer beat Oakland 4-2. Detroit (page 26) took over the division lead by winning all six of its games. Rolfie Fingers kept Milwaukee (3-3) alive as he saved a 3-1 victory in Texas, beat Minnesota 4-3 and then preserved Sunday's 8-5 win over the Twins.

Boston (4-2) got spotless relief pitching from Mark Clear and Bob Stanley. Clear twice pitched two hitless innings, saving a 6-4 triumph in Oakland and a 5-3 win in Seattle. Stanley tossed 6½ innings of scoreless ball against the Mariners and won 7-4 when Joe Rudi and Jim Rice slammed two-run homers in the ninth. Rice gladly agreed to Manager Ralph Houk's suggestion that he relinquish his cleanup role and return to the No. 3 spot in the lineup. "At No. 4 they were pitching around me," Rice said. In his first five games after the shift, Rice had 11 hits in 22 at bats.

The Blue Jays (3-3) hadn't beaten the Royals in more than a year, but did so twice in two days. The slumping Danny Ainge had three hits and Barry Bennell broke an 0-for-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BRITT BURNS: The 22-year-old White Sox lefty didn't allow a run in 16 innings as he beat New York 4-1 and Toronto 8-0. The wins raised his record to 8-2 and lowered his ERA to 2.56, second best among AL starters.

23 streak with two RBI singles in a 5-3 Toronto win; then Lloyd Moseby had six RBIs in a 9-4 Toronto romp. Moseby later gave Toronto a 5-4 win over Chicago with a two-out homer in the last of the ninth.

Mike Stanton of the Indians (3-3) permitted only one hit in 3½ innings of relief in Seattle and won 6-5. The Tribe tied that game with a three-run ninth and won it on Alan Barmster's hit in the 14th.

"We've got the highest-paid team in baseball and we're not getting our money's worth," said owner George Steinbrenner as he canceled a scheduled Yankee (3-3) off day. Maybe so, George, but Jerry Humphrey earned his bread by batting .462. So did pitchers Ron Gaudry, Rick Reuschel and George Frazier. During a 4-0 win over Chicago, Gaudry fanned seven in six innings and Frazier struck out five in the final three. Reuschel won his first game as a New Yorker by stifling the Royals 5-0, Frazier providing him with 2½ innings of solid relief. On Sunday, Gaudry fanned seven in seven innings during an 8-0 romp over K.C.

DET10-3MIL9-8TOR7-6BAL7-7
BOS7-6NY6-7CLEV5-10





WHEN THE FROGS WERE PRINCES

A Texas Christian alumnus recalls the golden days with Sammy Baugh, Dutch Meyer and a lot of other terrific folks by **DAN JENKINS**

CONTINUED



THE FROGS

continued

The canvas pants didn't look baggy then, not like they do now in the old photographs. They were the color of a manila envelope, and I thought they were as sleek as the long-sleeved white jerseys with purple numerals and the shiny black leather helmets. A wide purple knit stripe curved down the back of each canvas leg, and somehow the pants turned elegantly golden if the sunlight hit them just right on those Saturday afternoons when a TCU Horned Frog named Sling-in' Sammy Baugh or Davey O'Brien

would throw the football so hard at times, often so far and always so accurately that he would make another stumbling ignoramus out of a hated Longhorn, Bear, Owl, Razorback, Mustang or Aggie, whatever it was.

I speak wistfully of a time in the mid-to-late 1930s when practically everything seemed better to me than it does today, except, of course, air conditioning.

Even gangsters were better in the '30s because you could tell them apart from the politicians. Gangsters put black shoe polish on their hair, wore pinstripe suits,



The Drag was in its heyday when TCU was a "fearsed fox" in the "topsy-turvy Southwest."

packed heaters and talked about C-notes as they slapped their women around.

Cars were better because they were flashy roadsters with rumble seats and all kinds of wraparound chrome, and you could drive from Fort Worth, Texas to Shreveport, La. on 9¢ worth of gas.

People could dance to the music of the '30s without hopping around like Siamese cats, or people could listen to the music without screaming at a teen-ager to turn down the heavy metal or put on

earphones. Music was definitely better.

Food was better. You could almost always open the packages food came in. Or you could pull food out of the ground, or wring food's neck in the backyard and then roll it in flour and pitch it in the frying pan. You could also get food at drugstores, which, if they were good drugstores, sold comic books and strawberry milk shakes.

Comic books were better because they were serious. It was a sad day for America when comic books got funny.

Movies and novels were better because they had good guys and bad guys in them, and they frequently had endings. Movies were also better because the leading men were taller and pretty terrific sword fighters. In a '30s movie, Dustin Hoffman wouldn't get the girl. He'd get the luggage.

Staying home was better, even if you didn't read a book. You could listen to *The Amos and Andy Show* and *One Man's Family* and *I Love a Mystery* on the radio instead of hurrying your house slipper at a TV when *The Love Boat* comes on, and then switching over to Alistair Cooke introducing Part 17 of *Kristin Lavransdatter*.

Presidents were better. There was never going to be but one President, and you could trust FDR.

All in all, trains were better in the '30s, and so were newspapers, swimming holes, cafeterias, shade trees, bicycles, corn bread, drive-ins, doughnuts, candy bars, picnics, oceans, skies, parades, dust storms, rodeos, Christmas and tap dancing.

And football.

Football was better because college football was the major league. Pro football consisted largely of a group of second-class citizens waddling around in the baseball parks of blue-collar cities.

The pros were already astute in the art of offensive holding, but they were pushovers for a Sam Baugh, fresh out of TCU. He led the College All-Stars to victory over the Green Bay Packers, and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS LUZAK



Baugh led a comeback in "The Greatest Game Ever Played," but TCU lost a heartbreaker to SMU.

then he became the All-Pro quarterback in his rookie year while taking the Washington Redskins to the NFL championship. Until Sam Baugh, pro football in Texas was a one-paragraph story on the third page of the Monday sports section.

Meanwhile, college football was glamorous, mysterious, important.

Every team in the country had its own look, and the players dressed properly. If a player had shown up for a game in a fishnet jersey cut off at the rib cage, he'd have been thrown in the slammer for indecent exposure.

Nobody wore a face mask, and the gladiators were expected to play offense and defense, quite often, like Sam Baugh, for 60 minutes.

No two college teams ran the same offense. Their coaches had names like Dutch, Jock, Tiny, Pop, Bernie, Biff, Stub, Clipper, Pappy and Slip, and they all developed a variation of the single

wing, double wing, triple wing, spread, short punt and box formations. They used shifts, men in motion, unbalanced lines, tricky reverses, daring laterals, statues, flickers, shovel passes, buttonhooks and long passes, which weren't called "bombs" yet because World War II hadn't started.

The modern T formation was still an idea that Clark Shaughnessy would shape up when he was with the Chicago Bears and take with him to Frankie Albert and Stanford in 1940.

I wasn't old enough in those days for a grownup to let go of my hand in TCU's big concrete stadium on the campus, a stadium that held at least 24,000 camel-hair overcoats and Stetson hats at the time, but I was already aware of a phenomenal blessing.

I had been born in the football capital of the universe, South Bend, Ind., and Tuscaloosa, Ala. notwithstanding. Fort

continued

THE FROGS

continued

Worth was the home of Texas Christian University, and TCU was the dominant force in a society known to sportswriters as the jinx-ridden, upset-prone, wild and woolly Southwest Conference.

All this was impressed upon me hundreds of times by my parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts and older cousins, all of whom had a habit of pinning a large souvenir button on my crocheted sweater when I would be taken to TCU's home games.

The button I prized the most was about three inches in diameter, ringed in purple and white, and featured in the center the black-and-white photo of a wiry, bareheaded man poised to toss a football. The button proclaimed: I AM FOR SLINGIN' SAM BAUGH AND THE FIGHTIN' FROGS OF '35—WE'RE NO. 1.

That particular souvenir may have been given to me by the uncle I overheard one Saturday as he remarked to my dad: "Our Frogs is gonna play some whupass with them Rice Owls today."

And so the Frogs did—then.

What has happened to them in the past couple of decades, after a 30-year reign as consistently the best team in the Southwest Conference—and one of the best in the country—shouldn't have happened to a University of Chicago. The Frogs couldn't have slipped any lower in the college football ranks if the chancellor

had built an underground stadium to avoid a nuclear holocaust.

It has occurred to me that there must be thousands of TCU graduates scattered among Dairy Queens everywhere who have no appreciation, no real understanding, of what the Frogs were. To most of these individuals, TCU is simply that cozy array of cream-brick buildings on a gentle hill near downtown Fort Worth where they spent a happy young adulthood going to Kappa Sig rushes and Tri Delt formals. And perhaps they giggled occasionally at an amusing little football team that has now won only nine games in the last seven years, and has not, in fact, beaten or even tied the Arkansas Razorbacks in 22 seasons.

About seven years ago I was loitering in the same stadium where I had marveled at the deft spirals of Sam Baugh and Davey O'Brien, where I had been dazzled by the scampers of men like Lindy Berry and Jim Swink, where I had actually felt sorry for the ballcarriers who were struck down by such assassins as Ki Aldrich, Derrell Palmer and Bob Lilly. The stadium now holds 46,000, and it is still a pleasant old place surrounded by trees, a short walk from the dorms. It's a sturdy plant built strictly for football—no track around the playing field, the action up close—and I was suddenly compelled to join in some laughter. A

cluster of TCU students in the east stands had unfurled a banner, which proclaimed: WE'RE NO. 113.

The students had timed the unfurling to coincide with the 81st point scored by the University of Texas Longhorns that crisp afternoon.

Maybe it is so such witty followers of present-day TCU football that I am basically addressing myself. They might better appreciate their own humor if they fully understood how far the Frogs have fallen.

Contrary to what most of these followers may believe, TCU once produced national champions in authentic polls in real newspapers, conference champions regularly, bowl teams in abundance, All-Americas by the gross and even a Heisman Trophy winner. Uh-huh. Just like your normal, everyday Ohio State or Southern California.

I am armed with facts about the glorious past, but first a word about The Drag. Why? Because it is necessary. The Drag was once the nerve center of the campus, a symbol of truth, honesty and delicious plate lunches. Its deterioration oddly corresponds, although for no discernible reason, with the deterioration of TCU football itself.

I'm talking about The Drag that belonged to Rags Matthews, Cy Leland and Johnny Vaught before it was Sam Baugh's and Davey O'Brien's, and then mine. Me. B.A. '53.

Every campus has a drag, of course, but TCU's was shorter than most and had fewer Gucci outlets. Which is not to say it didn't have charm. In its better days, The Drag was primarily a long block on University Drive that began with T.C.U. Drags and ended at the TCU Theater, only you had to go around the corner to the Hi-Hat Lounge if you wanted to get a Pearl beer and listen to arguments about God and Modern Lit.

Along the way were such points of interest as a shoe store, a cleaner's, a record store, Oliver's Bite Shop, The Spudnut, the Frog Grill and Blackburn 5c to 55.

The big sign above the drugstore said T.C.U. DRUGS/DRINK COCA-COLA.

The signs on The Drag were responsible for a student dialogue that went something like this: "Want to go over to Drink Coca-Cola and get some coffee?"

"Yeah, but before that, I have to stop at Five-Cents-to-Five-Dollars."

continued



The Horned Frogs' 150-point quarterback, Davey O'Brien, received the Heisman Trophy for 1938.

PROOF.



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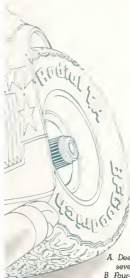
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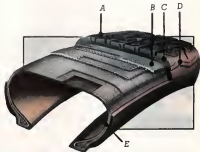
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THE FROGS

continued

"What for?"

"I don't have anything to wear to the dance."

If you hung around the Hi-Hat Lounge long enough, you were bound to get to know the owner. His race-oriented jokes so monopolized any conversation that he became known to most of us as "H.W. Duke, white man, 35."

A friend often took pleasure in reading T.S. Eliot aloud in front of H.W. Duke, white man, 35, purely for the fun of bearing him say: "Sturk, if I didn't know you better, I'd think you was about half Homo sapien."

The old drugstore served valiantly for many years as a combination Student Union, Letterman's Lounge, newsstand, book stall, café, post office, speakeasy, hot-check receptacle, salon and theme-writing agency.

It was just across from the drugstore that a group of us intellectuals once protested the library's leanings toward non-

classics with a rather spectacular book-burning and record-breaking ceremony and fondly addressed each other as Ivan, Dmitri and Alyosha.

As for the TCU Theater, it could always be counted upon to present something worthwhile, like *Casablanca* or *All About Eve*, which could teach you more about the arts than any of the Proust I ever tried to read.

The Drag was TCU. And it continues to be one of the first sights you encounter if you visit the campus, in what is still a fine old neighborhood. Not long ago, however, I couldn't help noticing that the drugstore had become yet another night spot catering to dropouts and music lovers of the stone-deaf variety, and the theater had sharply reversed the trend in movies by offering Bruce Lee-type films. Most of the letters on the theater marquee were either missing or slanted at curious angles.

I will let TCU in on a secret. It will

be easier to recruit the athletes who might be able to turn the football program around, plus the ever-popular Kappa Sig and Tri Deis, if the school's wealthiest old grads will stop buying artificial turf and building weight rooms long enough to do something about the blight that has hit The Drag.

If I can't have the drugstore and the theater back, I'll settle for a modest little Hyatt Regency on that block so I will have a place to stay when TCU starts playing big games again. The current condition of The Drag is all the more reason to talk about the past.

The Southwest Conference into which I was blessedly born was organized in 1915, and for the first 25 years of its existence no football champion ever repeated, which was why sports-writers were inspired to label it a jinx-ridden, upset-prone, wild and woolly place. Incidentally, what generally passed for colorful sportswriting back then

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was a story that might well have begun:

COLLEGE STATION, Tex., Oct. 23 —Yippee-ty-yi-yee! Baylor's Bullet Billy Patterson, the Hillsboro Dilly, threw a green-and-gold lariat around the gallant but hapless Texas Aggies Saturday, and despite the dippy-doodle footwork of A&M's Dick Todd, the Crowell Cyclone, the hungry Bears corralled the maroon-clad Farmers 13-0 and kept alive their title hopes in the topsy-turvy, wild and woolly....

TCU dippy-doodled into the conference in 1923, and almost immediately the Frogs became a major contributor to its jinx-ridden, upset-prone reputation. On an average of every other season in their first 15 years as a member, the Frogs either defeated or tied the team that won the championship. But it didn't stop there.

For close to 40 years, the Frogs repeatedly pulled off gigantic upsets, even in those seasons when they could do little else but provide an excuse for the Texas Christian University Swing Band to prance onto the field in policemen's caps and strike up a rendition of *Plenty of Money and You*.

A lot of legendary folks felt the sting of the TCU upset. Like Joel Hunt and the powerful Aggies of '25 and '27, and Bill Wallace and the powerful Owls of '34. Like Jack Crain, Mal Kutner and the powerful Longhorns of '41, who went into the TCU game rated No. 1 and had just been splashed on the cover of *LIFE* magazine. The baggy pants knocked them off. And then there was Doak Walker, the best all-round football player anybody ever saw when he was at SMU. Doak never got better than a tie with the Frogs in the seasons of '47, '48 and '49 when he was college football's last three-year consensus All-America back.

But the Frogs were much more than spoils. Upsets were just the comedy relief provided by Francis Schmidt, Dutch Meyer and Abe Martin, the three men who coached TCU through the glory years.

Those years began in 1929 when Cy Leland's breakaway running brought the Frogs their first conference championship and the glory ended with the last title in 1959 (shared with Texas and Arkansas), which was the result, by and large, of Bob Lilly's mayhem in the

The Frogs could put on as spectacular a show on the sidelines as they did on the playing field.

trenches, as the *Illustrated Football Annual* might have put it.

Over this span of 31 consecutive seasons, from '29 through '59, the Frogs were the best team in the Southwest Conference. I just happen to have the proof. All TCU did was:

—Win more national championships (two, '35 and '38) than anybody else in the conference.

—Win more conference championships (8) than anybody else.

—Go to more bowl games (11) than anybody else in the conference.

—Produce more All-Americans (16) than anybody else in the conference.

—Turn out the Southwest Conference's first Heisman Trophy winner, Davey O'Brien, in '38.

—Become the first team in the conference to go to the Sugar Bowl, Cotton Bowl, Orange Bowl and Bluebonnet Bowl.

—Never let more than three years slide by without producing either a championship team or a bowl team.

—Maintain a winning edge over all six of their conference opponents. Let the record show that the Frogs were 19-11-1 against Rice, 18-10-1 against Baylor, 18-11-2 against Texas A&M, 16-10-5 against SMU, 15-12-2 against Arkansas and 16-15 against Texas.

I should add that nearly all of these Frogs were wonderful human beings and great Americans, and only rarely did any of them get taken into custody for trying to kidnap the Baylor Bear.

The most impressive part of this period was the first 10 years, or pretty much throughout the Depression that I thought was so fun-filled.

It so happens that TCU was the best football team in America from 1929 through 1938 because the Frogs won more games (90) than any other major college. Well, O.K., if you want to be picky and figure it by percentages, the Frogs were the fourth best team in the nation behind Alabama, Pitt and Fordham, but not bad, huh?

I would also point out that only Pitt,

O'Brien's co-star on the national championship '38 team was All-American Center KJ Auldick



USC and Notre Dame were awarded more mythical national titles than TCU over this arbitrary decade, and only Tennessee fielded more undefeated elevens.

Good company, in other words.

In the seasons of 1935 and continued



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THE FROGS

continued

1938, it is safe to say, TCU football did more for civic pride and the Fort Worth dateline than Sally Rand's Nude Ranch at the Texas Centennial celebration.

Not until my first car date years later did I experience anything as thrilling as the Saturday afternoon of Nov. 30, 1935. It was the day TCU and SMU played a football game of such monumental dimensions that my dad took the precaution of bringing along an extra flask of "cough medicine" to the stadium.

Two prizes of unbearable importance were at stake in the game: the national collegiate championship and a bid to the Rose Bowl. Neither prize had ever before been earned by a Texas team. To the fans of the two neighboring cities, Fort Worth and Dallas, the game meant something more: bragging rights for all eternity.

My relatives and everyone else began playing the game weeks ahead of time, for it was evident that TCU and SMU were so talent-laden they were bound to arrive at their colossal meeting with unblemished (10-0) records, which they did.

I was accustomed then to being dragged to TCU workouts, and it was always fun to watch Sam Baugh spit tobacco and lie on the grass when he wasn't knocking somebody down with the football. And it was terrifying at first to hear Dutch Meyer growl.

Dutch was almost a cartoon character of a football coach, a tough little man in a baseball cap with a whistle around his neck. When he spoke the word "football" it sounded like a volcano erupting, and all the words that followed it in a sentence came out like the scratching of cleats on a sheet of rusty tin.

At some point during the week of preparations for that SMU game, Dutch no doubt said:

"FOOTBALL... is a game played by MEN! Not a bunch of damn sissies and city slickers from Dallas!"

There was a moment that week when I went over and stood as close as I could to Sam Baugh and Center Darrell Lester, the All-Americans, and another of my heroes, Jimmy Lawrence, a great all-purpose halfback. They were relaxing on the sideline.

To the group, I inquired, "How do you get to be a TCU water boy?"

I won't swear it was Sam Baugh, but a voice replied: "First, you go over there

and ask the tramer if he's got anything to cure lice."

What nobody had been totally prepared for on the day of the game was the sight of 40,000 frenzied people trying to fit themselves into TCU's 24,000-seat stadium. Many without tickets leaped over fences from the tops of automobiles; and many drove their cars through the fences. Some paid scalpers \$100 for a ticket—at the height of the Depression, the equivalent of \$4,000 now—but these weren't the ones who trampled policemen, climbed over the

order of importance on a list of the five most memorable events in the history of Fort Worth. To her, it ranked ahead of Vernon Castle, a famous dancer, getting killed in the crash of his training plane during World War I, ahead of the Texas & Pacific railroad coming to town, ahead of Swift and Armour putting meat-packing plants in the city and ahead of Major Ripley Arnold opening a fort called "Worth" on a bluff above the Trinity River to protect settlers from the Indians in 1849.

What I mostly remember about the

punt formation near TCU's 40-yard line, my dad was sipping his "cough medicine" with some relief. The Frogs had gained far more yardage than the Mustangs, and they now looked like the better team, and the Rose Bowl would surely select TCU in the case of a tie. In our section, everyone seemed to agree on this.

Everyone was still agreeing on it when the SMU punter, Fullback Bob Finley, didn't punt. Instead, he dropped back and hauled off and lofted a desperate 50-yard pass toward the TCU goal line. The next



Frog spirit spilled out of the stadium and into Fort Worth's streets in spontaneous victory parades that let the whole town know TCU had won another

backs of each other and spilled onto the playing field.

I recall seeing hordes of strangers in slouch hats down on the field posing for pictures with Dutch Meyer and Matty Bell, the SMU coach, before the kickoff. I was older and well into the life of a sportswriter covering other TCU teams when I learned that some of those people my dad had called celebrities that day were Grantland Rice, Paul Gallico, Bill Stern, Bernie Bierman, Pappy Waldorf and assorted Hollywood and Broadway types.

The TCU-SMU game of 1935 has been called various things by various historians. It has been written about under such chapter headings as *The Greatest Game Ever Played*, *The Aerial Circus* and *The \$80,000 Forward Pass*. I once had a junior high school teacher who gave it even more significance. She put it first in the

game itself was the constant noise in the stadium, SMU running sweeps and reverses in a blur of red-and-blue uniforms and the Frogs continually dropping Sam Baugh's passes, although he kept hitting his receivers in the chest and hands. Sam threw an amazing 43 passes that day, which was unheard of among civilized people, according to Granny Rice's game report.

I remember Jimmy Lawrence catching one of those passes for a touchdown late in the game and then being carried off the field with an injury. My dad and others around us were very sad to see TCU lose Jimmy Lawrence, but they were very happy that the Frogs had finally fought back from 0-14 and tied the game at 14-14 after a whole afternoon of swirling action.

With about four minutes left to play and SMU lined up on fourth down in

thing anyone noticed was that SMU's speedy All-America halfback, Bobby (Will-o'-the-Wisp) Wilson, was racing down the sideline, trying to get there before the football.

Sam Baugh, playing safety, struggled to get there from the other side of the field. At about the three-yard line Bobby Wilson leaped high into the air and twisted around, for the ball was arriving on his "wrong" side. The Will-o'-the-Wisp made a miraculous catch and stumbled into the end zone. The Mustangs won 20-14.

Hundreds of TCU fans, including my dad, sat limply in the stands for more than an hour after the game and drank their "cough medicine" and stared at the spot where Bobby Wilson came down with the football. Fort Worth's heart was broken.

The broken hearts took little consolation

THE FROGS

continued



In the '50s Halfback Jim Swink was honored.

lation later in the fact that TCU was chosen as the No. 1 team after the bowl games by the Williamson System, the only one of the syndicated rating systems of the day (the AP inaugurated its weekly Top 10 in 1936) to publish a ranking after the bowl games. This was after SMU was upset by a mediocre Stanford team in Pasadena on the same day that TCU defeated a highly regarded LSU team in the Sugar Bowl. It would only mean something in the brochures.

Years after the tragedy, Dutch Meyer said to me, "FOOTBALL taught me a lesson in '35. I sent our lads out there like it was a crusade. They had tears in their eyes when they left the dressing room ... and it give 'em butterfingers."

I asked my dad recently what he remembered best about the TCU-SMU game, other than Bobby Wilson catching that pass. He said, "That's the sickest I've ever been in my life, including illness."

You would think that in 1938 Davey O'Brien and his mates would have cured all the illness. I'm sure they cured some. But the Frogs were so good behind little Davey's passing and running and ball-handling magic, they throttled everyone

with ease. They never had a real scare in their 10-game schedule and a Sugar Bowl victory over Carnegie Tech. There was no drama.

They received all of the most enviable No. 1's and O'Brien swept the Heisman, Maxwell and Camp awards as the Player of the Year. He weighed only 150 pounds and stood only 5'7", but he bounced off tacklers like a rubber ball, skittered between them and flipped 20-yard lateral like a fast-draw gunslinger. His long passes were beautiful spirals and they seemed to be guided by destiny into the arms of Don Looney, Earl Clark and Johnny Hall. In the meantime, Ki Aldrich and I.B. Hale blocked everybody and tackled everybody.

The only suspense about 1938 was whether any of the Frogs or their rich and intimate fans would get drunk enough to fall off the stagecoaches they had hired to parade themselves around New York City when O'Brien went east to collect his awards.

Those of us who stayed home scampered to the picture show downtown to see a newsreel in which O'Brien, in a tuxedo, was given the Heisman and liner in the mayor's office shook hands with Fiorello LaGuardia. We saw our immortals and their friends in their cowboy hats riding on the stagecoaches in the newsreel. I assumed from the small gathering of be-

wildered New Yorkers on the sidewalks that our grid heroes were receiving what the *Star-Telegram* called a "grand welcome by the Great White Way."

Nobody fell off the stagecoaches. Our nobility was confirmed.

So much for national championships. Dutch Meyer never found another Sam Baugh or Davey O'Brien, and he almost didn't find the T formation until just before he retired. But Lord love him. In 1951, when everybody but Ethiopia and TCU had gone to the split T, Dutch swiped one last conference title with the old spread and triple wing. A marvelous tailback named Ray McKown would take a long snap and either throw the ball into the unknown or run about 25 yards and hope to get back to the line of scrimmage.

Even Dutch knew it was time for a change. Abe Martin took over in '53 and brought with him an explosive multiple offense and a shrewd facility for recruiting. TCU's modern look had no harm done to it by the presence of a Jim Swink here, a Jim Shoffer there and a Bob Lilly over there. Abe gave TCU three conference winners and four bowl teams in his first seven years.

But despite the look of the Frogs, Abe was an old-fashioned gentleman, a seat-of-the-pants coach who took his players into his heart and the press convinced



O'Brien was a dazzling passer, but he frustrated defenses by frequently taking off on deceptive runs.

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THE FROGS

continued

into his confidence. In this sense, he was the best man I ever knew.

For a writer, Abe's homespun humor was more fun than his winning teams. One day he gave up at struggling to describe Swink's broken-field running ability and said, "Aw, he's just a little old rubber-legged outfit nobody can catch." Of Bob Lilly's All-America potential, Abe said, "Well, he's a big old green pea, but he'll stand in there for you like a picket fence." Once he was asked how he planned to stop a rather fierce Texas team, and he said, "We'll just line up in our country six and scratch and bite and kick sand in their faces."

There was a year when the football staff offices were redecorated and made more spacious. Abe said he liked the new atmosphere all right, "but there's nowhere to spit."

Down on the sideline one Saturday things were not going well against Rice. Abe summoned a player off the bench and put his arm around the player's shoulder pad.

"Beely, I want you to look at that. They just wearin' Tommy out on the sweep," said Abe, wearing his lucky brown suit and chewing on his cigar. "I want you to go in there and stop that sweep for me, Beely."

The player nervously said, "I'll try, Coach."

Abe removed his arm from Beely's shoulder pad and kept looking out on the field.

"Sit down, Beely," Abe said. "Tommy's tryin'."

TCU's decline began when Abe Martin, as wonderful as he was, grew weary of recruiting. When Darrell Royal went to Texas and Frank Broyles went to Arkansas, recruiting became as intense and competitive as the games.

Abe had always been able to get a kid to come to TCU by taking him for a stroll around the county courthouse square and telling him he could wear those dirty Levi's and that T shirt on the TCU campus and feel right at home. "How's your Mom and them?" Abe would say. "Buy you a sody pop?"

Suddenly the recruits started telling

Abe they didn't want to go to a school where you could wear dirty Levi's and a T shirt. They had been other places and seen people wearing those slacks without belts and loafers with jewelry on them. They thought they might try that instead.



All-America Bob Lilly policed the TCU lines during 1958-60.

TCU has now had five head coaches since Abe Martin hung it up in '66. The first one, Fred Taylor, had no chance. A lifelong TCU assistant, he walked straight into the Royal-Broyles buzz saw. Worse luck followed. Jim Pittman, a former Royal aide who had done well at Tulane, would have succeeded, I think. But Pittman collapsed from a coronary on the sideline of only his seventh game at TCU in 1971. He died. Pittman was replaced by his chief assistant, Billy Tohill, and two years later Tohill was in an automobile accident and lost his right foot.

Jim Shofer, an ex-TCU and NFL star, was called in for '74, and all of the tragedy that preceded him may have had something to do with the excess of Bible talk he brought to the locker room. Alas, Jim apparently wasn't cut out for a head job. He won two games in three years. Enter F.A. Dry, supposedly an offensive

specialist from Tulsa. Thus far, F.A.'s aerial circus has produced seasons of 2-9, 2-9, 2-8-1 and 1-10.

"We're getting there," F.A. assured me in his office last fall.

That night in a game against Rice, there was a tendency to believe him. TCU led 24-7 at the half. But then the Frogs tried to sit on the lead and somehow the Owls, who have been as dreadful as TCU for a while, went ahead by 28-24. Still, with two seconds left to play, the Frogs found themselves on Rice's two-yard line and had stopped the clock to talk things over. It was going to be their night, after all. Like any sensible team, TCU was going to run one of those plays that looks like this and turns out to be that, perhaps a little flip to a wide-open tight end for a touchdown. Wrong. The TCU quarterback rolled out to the right and threw a pass to six Rice defenders, who were still fighting over the ball as I strolled away.

I had only one piece of advice for F.A. Dry during my visit. Change the helmets. It had all started going downhill in 1961 when Abe Martin went to white helmets. F.A.'s teams were wearing silver helmets. The helmets were at least a part of the problem, I said. No TCU team had ever done worth a damn unless it wore black or dark purple helmets.

I forgot about the suggestion, which was only half-serious, but F.A. Dry didn't. Four weeks later, before the homecoming game against Texas Tech, Dry ordered his equipment manager, Mark Valdez, to spray-paint the helmets purple.

"Why?" Valdez asked.

"Because I've tried everything else," said the coach.

Wearing the purple helmets, the Frogs upset the Red Raiders 24-17 for their only victory of the season. It was the first homecoming game TCU had won in nine years. F.A. Dry nicely gave me the credit in his dressing-room interviews, and old friends started calling long distance to read me the newspaper stories.

"It's only the beginning," I said to one friend from the drugstore days. "When they get those canvas pants. . ."

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"Almost every city and town has an exquisitely landscaped, monumentally columned shrine to local war dead of World War II. The eternal flame is sometimes guarded by smartly uniformed teen-agers, frequently girls, carrying Kalashnikov assault rifles. Memory of the war easily translates into public willingness to make economic sacrifices for the sake of military preparedness." *TIME*, June 23, 1980.

Read *TIME* and understand.

TIME

On The Scene

by ROBERT E.L. STRIDER

TO GET FROM SUMMER TO FALL, JUST WALK ACROSS THE MACKINAC BRIDGE

At about 7:30 on Labor Day morning, the governor of Michigan and his entourage, as is customary, will lead off the annual walk across the Mackinac Bridge. Unlike the start of the New York Marathon on another great bridge, the Verrazano, this is a relatively leisurely affair. First there is a walking race for a modest number of contestants, and then a stroll for the 25,000 or 30,000 who descend upon the region of the Straits of Mackinac on this day. The real point of the occasion isn't the race but the unburied walk. To walk the Mackinac Bridge on a September morning, regardless of the weather, is an esthetic and gently athletic experience. Labor Day is the only time of the year when walking across is permitted.

The bridge, called the Mighty Mac by its admirers, is itself worthy of special note. It is either the longest or the third-longest suspension bridge in North America, depending on the way it's measured. From cable anchor to cable anchor, the Mackinac is the longest, but its center suspension span is exceeded in length by those of the Verrazano and the Golden Gate. The entire structure extends five miles. At its center, the roadbed rises 199 feet above the Straits of Mackinac. The towers, measured from the surface of the water, arc as high as the Washington Monument, and they are embedded some 210 feet below the surface. The bridge was built to withstand the buffeting of high winter winds, the pull of strong current and the crush of

thick ice. Dr. David Steinman, the designer, calculated the possible stress caused by each and made allowances that aren't likely to be exceeded. Steinman designed some 400 bridges in his career, and regarded the Mackinac as his greatest achievement. His ambition to build bridges was formed, he said, when he was selling newspapers around 1893 in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge.

The Mackinac Bridge is at the northernmost tip of the southern peninsula of Michigan, a large area that, on a map, looks like a mitten. At the southern edge of town, there is a sign that reads MACKINAW CITY, VILLAGE LIMIT. During the summer it's a lively community, but in the winter it's like most resort towns, with very few shops, motels or restaurants remaining open.

Visitors may be baffled by the variation in the spelling of the bridge, the straits, the nearby island (all of them spelled Mackinac) and the town (Mackinaw). There is no variation in pronunciation: All are pronounced Mackinaw.

The Bridge Walk starts at the northern end of the bridge, near the town of Saint Ignace. At the other end, in Mackinaw City, 50 to 60 school buses from Mackinaw and the outlying towns carry people, at 50¢ apiece, across to the northern end. There are ample parking areas in the communities at both ends of the bridge. The deadline for setting out from Saint Ignace is 10 a.m.

The crowd that walked the bridge on Labor Day of 1980 was predominantly youthful, with blue jeans and T-shirts the usual costume. Vigorous middle age, though, was represented as well, and there was an impressive scattering of the elderly. Many of the young couples brought children in strollers, and some of the hardest earned infants in arms, a long walk with such a burden. The pace was reasonable, three or four miles an hour. There were a number of people in wheelchairs and some on crutches, and there were a good many hikers carrying walking sticks. Some of the young folks dashed ahead and ran back from time to

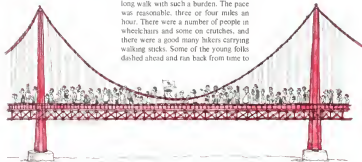
time to check on the progress of the more leisurely older walkers.

The route was lined with amiable MPs, male and female, detailed from nearby Camp Grayling, a U.S. Army base. These friendly young watchdogs couldn't make themselves sound convincingly fierce when every now and then they admonished some pedestrian not to use the narrow catwalk along the edge of the roadway, safe though it evidently was.

There were a few conspicuously odd characters, including one grizzled gentleman in a pseudo-Revolutionary costume, wearing a cocked hat decorated with clusters of Anderson buttons and carrying a DON'T TREAD ON ME flag, but they were the exceptions. For most people the reason for coming had nothing to do with appearances but was the walk itself, high above the infrequent freighters.

In an age when we have reason to deplore much of man's impact on the planet, there is something exhilarating about the opportunity to enjoy a human achievement that brings a new and special dimension to the environment. The Straits of Mackinac were beautiful long before the bridge was there for automobiles and trucks and campers to cross and for people to walk on this one day of the year. The scenery around that part of the Great Lakes is simply spectacular. But the bridge has added a quality of its own. The faces in the crowd that walked across that morning were contented ones, lit by the fresh, clean sunshine. In a sense, these people were crossing from summer into fall, a transition that would be savored in the cold months ahead. There is no reason to believe it will be any different this year, and for years long after that.

END



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So the next time you thirst for the real taste of beer.

The original taste.

Give the man who's reading

this... a Blue Ribbon.



"Give that man a Blue Ribbon."

93

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE BRETTs

Sir:

Seldom have I read a more engrossing article than John Garrity's on the Brettis (*Love and Hate in El Segundo*, Aug. 17). The familiar insights it provides are fascinating and illustrate why your magazine's greatest attraction for me is its writing.

ARTHUR L. ANDERSON
Lake Forest, Ill.

Sir:

John Garrity brought us so close to the Brettis, I felt like one of the family.

MARK ROBERTSON
McHenry, Md.

Sir:

Hurrah for John Garrity! It's about time someone wrote something about what I consider to be baseball's first family. It's also about time someone paid some respect to the pushy mothers and fathers of this world. It's

not that I agree with Jack Brett's tactics or anything. I just ask you. Without all those pushy parents, would there be so many success stories?

JENNIE SEGEL
Short Hills, N.J.

Sir:

As a George Brett fan, I enjoyed the article. But I'm afraid the Jack Brett "syndrome" is all too common. Unfortunately, almost all Little League mothers can recognize a Jack Brett in their area.

JUDITH FORWARD
Bradford, Vt.

Sir:

John Garrity notes that Ken Brett established a major league record for a pitcher by hitting a home run in four consecutive games. True, but the record really should read five homers in five consecutive games. Just before the start of his streak, Bret got a hit that

went over the centerfield fence in Candlestick Park. Umpire Dick Stello, thinking the ball had bounced over the fence, called it a ground-rule double, but others who saw it from the Giants' outfield and bullpen said that the ball did indeed clear the fence before touching the ground.

CHRISTOPHER DUFFY
Barrington, N.J.

Sir:

For a man who has three home runs and 20 runs batted in, George Brett is getting a lot of ink.

JOHN SOUTER JR.
Chicago

BASEBALL'S RETURN

Sir:

Your story on the All-Star Game (*Off with a Bang*, Aug. 17) was greatly appreciated. As one of the 72,086 enthusiastic fans in attendance, I enjoyed every aspect of the game.



The fastest trains in the world are France's new TGVs.

They just set a world record, going 238 miles an hour.

(TGV, incidentally, stands for *Très Grande Vitesse*. Which is French for "very great speed.")

The French Railways commissioned these

electrically-powered trains for the Paris-to-Lyons run.

Even at their regular cruising speeds, the TGVs will do this 263-mile stretch—a distance greater than New York to Washington, D.C.—in under two hours.

How can trains fly at such speeds without shaking up their passengers? Or shaking

but as a Cleveland Indian fan, I especially enjoyed the well-deserved standing O's given to Manager Dave Garcia, Len (Perfect Game) Barker and Bo Diaz.

JILL SNYDER
Mentor, Ohio

Sir:
"A big hand for baseball!" What the hell for?

ANDY NEESE
White Plains, N.Y.

THE BOOMER

Sir:
Your article on George Scott (*George Scott Is Alive and Well and Playing in Mexico City*, Aug. 17) couldn't have been better timed. As this race called the Second Season began, I was refreshed by the story of a man who really loves the game.

ANDY HAIN
Frame Village, Kans.

Sir:
George Scott has had an illustrious career in Boston and he has realized his dream of becoming a "Yankee," but your article failed to mention that Scott spent some of his most productive years as a Brewer. To us Milwaukee fans, he's still the Boomer. The many mo-

ments of drama and excitement he gave us are treasured. I'm glad to hear he's doing well.

MARK C. CLARK
Milwaukee

DURAN'S RETURN

Sir:
Finally, a fair article on Roberto Duran (*Back, but Still a Long Way To Go*, Aug. 17) by William Nack. I'm tired of hearing and seeing the media cut down Duran for one embarrassing performance. No boxer I've witnessed in my 15 years of watching fights can go to the body or slip punches like Duran. My prediction for a Leonard-Duran rematch* Duran by a TKO in the 14th—that is, if Leonard can get by Thomas Hearns.

STEVE BEALS
Northbrook, Ill.

Sir:
I wholeheartedly agree with the statement "Roberto Duran narrowly defeated young Nino Gonzalez," because that was all he did. As the title of the article said, he has a long way to go. If Duran ever becomes the No. 1-ranked contender, Sugar Ray Leonard will certainly embarrass him again.

STEVEN R. CINQUANTE
Cortland, N.Y.

THE TV REVOLUTION

Sir:
The picture shown on the WGN television screen in Part I of your article on cable and pay TV (*The TV Revolution*, Aug. 10 and 17) appears to be of a Chicago Cub player picking up a dropped fly ball. Maybe cable TV revenues will give the new owners of the Cubs, the Tribune Company, enough money to rebuild the team and eliminate that kind of scene.

As for cable TV, what better way to satisfy a sportsaholic's need to have his choice of any sport at any time? I frequently "pollute my mind," as my girl friend says, by watching several games at one time, flipping from channel to channel. The only drawback is that I have to travel 10 miles to watch cable sports. Soon that may no longer be necessary. But is there any way right now to make the day longer?

RICHARD GORECKI JR.
Plainfield, Ill.

Sir:
The impending success of cable TV can be attributed to one overriding thing: the unwillingness of the three over-the-air networks to assume the responsibility for entertaining
continued



Feels like it's doing nothing.

themselves off the track?

The TGVs are cushioned by Koni® shock absorbers, made by the same people of ITT who make Koni shocks for high-performance automobiles.

Aboard the TGVs ten of these shock absorbers are mounted between each pair of cars to steady and smooth out the ride.

And while they're doing so, they also help keep the TGVs safely on the tracks.

That's important, obviously.

Because when you're going très grande vitesse, you want très grande security, too.

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ideas that help people.

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HELP SOMEBODY BE SOMEBODY.

19TH HOLE continued

and informing all of their audience fully rather than the lowest common denominator safely. The sight of celebrities and/or off-season, out-of-place professional athletes competing in invented-for-TV "sports" on commercial TV, while ESPN works steadily to provide us with the total impact of sports' spontaneity, leaves me with no sympathy for the networks. Will ESPN succeed? Is the nation ready for a weekly sports magazine? A note of caution, however. Let us never allow the new cable networks to abuse us the way the other three have done.

WESLEY KORNIAK
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

The sidebar accompanying Part II of your article makes a shocking statement about the power of television: Two New Jersey high schools played a baseball game in the pouring rain so that they could be on cable TV. I, for one, wouldn't risk my neck by standing in a batter's box full of mud while a pitcher throws a wet, slippery baseball at me. The threat of injury—and I hope there was none—probably took a lot of the fun out of the game for the players and the fans.

The "smalls" are simply imitating the "big" by letting TV dictate to them, and soon—if they haven't done so already—they will imitate the "wow at all costs" attitude. We have seen the problems with this philosophy in the big, and I think it's time to stop it in the smalls.

DONALD R. SPIRATT
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

I'm sick of money-hungry sports promoters, players and owners. I never intend to watch another pro baseball game. My heart isn't in pro sports, and your article on cable and pay TV only reinforces my feeling.

If the day ever comes when I have to fork out money to see Tennessee in an NCAA championship or bowl game on TV—after I've supported and loyally rooted for the Volunteers during the hard times, even when I found it difficult to get excited—I'll give up on college sports. I'll go to the high school ranks and then to the minor leagues, if need be. I want sports—effort and enthusiasm and love of the game—not business.

CURTIS PERRY
Harrison, Tenn.

SPORT, FAMILY AND RELIGION
Sir:

Thank you for your comprehensive article on Tracy Caulkins and competitive swimming (Search for Still Water, Aug. 3). Kenny Moore captured the intensity of the sport very well.

Swimming is demanding—of the swimmer and of the entire family. It is total commitment. In this regard, I was interested in Coach Ron Young's comments: "I'm originally from Michigan, where church and family life are important values. I coached in Florida next,

continued



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just outside the window. But, inside, you're away
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Stephen Birmingham

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18TH HOLE continued

where families weren't always intact, and that leads to a coach's becoming a surrogate parent, not a coach. Then we were in California, where the families were fine but church was missing." This brought to mind a time several years ago when one of our sons was going for age-group records. The important meet was on Palm Sunday weekend. On Palm Sunday night he was to join our church with his class. We had to choose between his swimming in the finals or joining the church. We chose the church.

Every year, throughout the year, swim meets are held at times that are disruptive to families. We have meets the weekend before Christmas, on Memorial Day weekend, on Fourth of July weekend, Thanksgiving weekend—it goes on and on. And if you are involved, you're expected to go.

The most frustrating meet of all, we have found, is the summer Junior Nationals, which is held late in August, just before school begins. It's frustrating because a swimmer gets out of school in June, works intently throughout the summer for this big meet, and then, when it's over, immediately returns to school, having had no mental or physical rest all summer. The other members of the family suffer, too, as they must forgo any summer vacation or else take it without their swimmer. We've tried it both ways.

It's our hope that swimming officials will recognize some of these problems and come up with better scheduling, which will allow swimming families a little more time for "togetherness." Maybe, too, this would allow our Florida coaches to relinquish the role of surrogate parents and thus permit them to continue with their full-time jobs as coaches.

MRS. GEORGE W. WEAVER
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

BRING ON THE BANDS

Sir:

With another football season just getting under way, I'm writing about my annual complaint. It has to do with the lack of half-time entertainment on TV. After watching the first two quarters of the game, we then get filled in all over again on what took place. The viewer occasionally gets a glimpse of marching bands and drill teams in the background over the heads and shoulders of the commentators, but never really gets to see them display their fine talents. These performers train all week just as hard as the football players do, so why shouldn't they be seen and heard? I can't figure it out. Maybe it's because I'm old-fashioned and love to watch pretty girls and hear lively band music.

BRUCE CARSTENSEN
Novato, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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The Priority Bottle with the distinctive label is an official trademark of Gilbey's gin in the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office. Distilled London Dry Gin 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof). 100% Grain Neutral Spirits W & A. Gilbey Ltd. Dist. by Heist. Our Products Co. NYC.

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